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The Clock Maker; or, the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville. Third Series. 12mo. pp. 309. London, 1840. Bentley.

In this new volume, the author, accompanied by Mr. Slick, sets out on his journey for England; and, after discussing American questions incident or non-incident to their route, finally leaves off with their embarkation at New York in the Great Western, Sam having previously been appointed a government *attaché* by the President Van Buren, in order to facilitate his introduction to our highest society, and enable him to form and promulgate a just opinion of English manners. When his account of us appears, it will surely be a treat to see it. Meanwhile we revert to the present narrative of his transatlantic Sayings and Doings. The starting of the travellers for Halifax is a "rael" bit of Slickism:—

from a squerrel's jump to the end of the chapter, and shew the gentlemen what you can do. Anybody could see he ain't a blue-nose, can't they? for, cuss 'em, they don't know how to begin to go. Trot, walk, or gallop, is all the same to him, like talkin', drinkin', or fightin' to a human. Lord, I have a great mind to take him to England, jist for the fun of the thing, for I don't know myself what he can do. When he has done his best, there is always a mile an hour more in him to spare: there is, upon my soul. But it takes a man to mount him. Only lookin' at him goin' makes your head turn round like grindin' coffee:—what would ridin' him do? And now, squire, here goes for Slickville, Onion county, state of Connecticut, United States of America. Here's for home."

During their first ride at this rapid rate, the Clockmaker, nevertheless, finds time and opportunity to relate the particulars of his only exhibition as a Slickville legislator; and the caricature is not only so laughable in itself, but so applicable to many other pseudo-orators on both sides of the water, that we copy it with much pleasure into our page. After his election, he goes on to say:—

"Dear, dear, I shall never forget the day I was elected; I felt two inches taller, and about a little the biggest man in all Slickville. I knew so much was expected of me I couldn't sleep a-tryin' to make speeches; and when I was in the shop I spiled half my work by not havin' my mind on it. Save your country, says one; save it from ruin; cut down salaries, I intend to, says I. Watch the official says another; they are the biggest rogues we have. It don't convene with liberty that public servants should be the masters of the public. — I quite concur with you, says I. Reduce lawyers' fees, says some; they are a-eatin' up of the country like locusts. — Just so, said I. A bounty on wheat, says the farmer, for your life. Would you tax the mechanic to enrich the agriculturist? says the manufacturer. Make a law agin' thistles, says one; a regulator about temperance, says another: we have a right to drink if we please, says a third. Don't legislate too much, says a fourth—it's the curse of the state; and so on without end. I was fairly bothered, for no two thought alike, and there was no pleasin' nobody. Then every man that voted for me wanted some favour or another, and there was no bottom to the obligation. I was most squashed to death with the weight of my cares, they was so heavy. At last the great day came, and the governor, and senate, and representatives, all walked in procession, and the artillery fired, and the band of the caravan of wild beasts was hired to play for us, and we organised in due form, and the governor's message was read. I must say that day was the happiest one of my life. I felt full of dignity and honour, and was filled with visions of glory to come. Well, says I to myself, the great game is now to be played in rael airmist, and no mistake: what card shall I play? The presidential chair and the highest posts is open to me in common with other citizens. What is to prevent me a-comin' in by honours, or if I have good luck, by the odds

trick. What shall I lead off with? I laid awake all night considerin' of it, a-rollin' and a-tossin' over, like cramp in the stomach, nor knowin' what to do: at last I got an idea. Extension of suffrage, says I, is the card I'll play. That will take the masses, and masses is power, for majorities rules. At that time, squire, we had the forty-shilling freehold qualification, and it extended no farther; so I went for universal suffrage; for, thinks I, if I can carry that, I can go for governor first, on the strength of the new votes, and president afterwards; and it did seem plausible enough, too, that's a fact. To all appearance it was the best card in the pack. So out I jumps from bed, a-walkin' up and down the room in my shirt tail, a-workin' away at my speech like anything, and dreadful hard work it was, too; for it is easier to forge iron any time than a speech, especially if you ain't brought up to the business. I had to go over it and over it ever so often, for every now and then I'd stick fast, get bothered, and forget where I was, and have to begin again; but when day was e'en about breakin', I was just drawin' to a close, and had nearly scored and rough-hew'd it out, when all of a sudden I run agin' the bed-post in the dark, and nearly knocked my brains out. Well, next night I worked at it again, only I left the candle burnin', so as not to be a stumblin' up agin' things that way, and the third night I got it all finished off complete; but I got a shockin' cold in my head, a-walkin' about naked so, and felt as weak as a child for want of sleep. I was awful puzzled to fix on what to do on account of that plaguy cold. I didn't know whether to wait till it got better, or strike while the iron was hot and hissin', for I warn't sure sune o' the speech wouldn't leakle out, or the whole get flat if I kept it in too long; so as soon as the house opened, I makes a plunge right into it; for what must be, must be, and it's no use a considerin'. So I ups and says, Mr. Speaker, says I (Lord, how thick my tongue felt; it seemed to grow too thick for my mouth, like the clapper of an old horse,) let me perpend this resolution, sir, said I; all men are free and equal. No one doubts it, Mr. Slick, said an old member: no one denies that; it's a truism. I didn't somehow expect that interruption; it kinder put me out, and I never got a-goin' altogether right agin arterwards, for I lost my temper; and when a man ain't cool, he might as well hang up his fiddle, that's a fact. Have I freedom of speech, sir, said I, or have I not? or is that last rag of liberty torn from the mast of the constitution too? I stand stock still a-waitin' for your answer, sir. Oh, sartain, said he, sartain; you may talk for ever, if you like: go on, sir; only no man doubts your proposition. It's a lie, sir, said I, it's a lie write— Order! order! chair! chair! says some. Knock him down! turn him out! where did you larn manners? says others. Hear me out, says I, will you? and don't be so everlastin' fast: what's the use of jumpin' afore you come to the fence. It's a lie written on the face of the constitution. Oh, nah! says they, is that it? Yes, says I, it is, and contradict it if you darst. We are not free

we are slaves: one half of us is tyrants,—unremorseless, onfeelin', overbearin' tyrants, and vile usurpers; and the other half slaves,—abject, miserable, degraded slaves. The first argument I advance, sir, is this—and the cold in my nose began to tickle, tickle, tickle, till I couldn't hold in no longer, and I let go a sneeze that almost broke the winders out. Oh, Lord! what a haw! haw! they set up. The first argument is this, sir; and off went both barrels of my nose agin like thunder: it fairly raised the dust from the floor in a cloud, like a young whirlwind in the street afore rain. It made all spin agin. Why, he is a very ring-tail roarer, says the members; a regular sneezer: and they shouted and roared like anything. I thought I should a-died for shame one minit, and the next I felt so coonish I had half a mind to fly at the Speaker and knock him down. I didn't jist cleverly know what to do, but at last I went on. Did the best blood of the land flow for forty shillings? Was Bunker Hill fought out to loosen British chains, merely to rivet American ones? Was it for this the people died covered with gore and glory, on the bed of honour? Was it the forty shillings alone that fought the revolution or the Polls? I am for the Polls. Taxation and representation should go hand in hand, and freedom and equality likewise also. How dare you tax the Polls without their consent? Suppose they was to go for to tax you without your consent; why who would be right or who wrong then? Can two wrongs make a right? It is much of a muchness, sir,—six of one, and half-a-dozen of the other. What's that feller talkin' about? says a member. A vote to help the Poles agin' Russia, says the other: what a cussed fool he is! It put me quite out, that, and joggled me so I couldn't make another line straight. I couldn't see the Speaker no longer, for my eyes watered as if I had been a-stringin' inions for a week, and I had to keep blowin' my nose the whole blessed time, for the cold in it coked it up as tight as a bottle. Who calls them fools? says I: who dares insult free citizens because they are not forty shillings? You couldn't treat them was if they was nasty, dirty, dispisable niggers; and yet you boast your glorious constitution. Will any member answer me this? Have they blood in their veins?—and if they have, it must be free blood; and if free, it must boil. (Tickle, tickle, goes my bosic agin, and I had to stop to sarch my pocket for my nose-rag.) The honourable gentleman, says some feller or another, for most on 'em were strangers to me, means a blood puddin', I suppose. Ah! I thought I should have gone ravin', distracted mad. I knew I was talkin' nonsense, that I had run off the tracks with all steam on, and was a-ploughing thro' the mud in the fields like any thing. Says I, I'll have your blood, you scoundrel, if you dare to say that agin, see if I don't, so there now! Oh dear, such shoutin', and roarin', and clappin' of hands I never heerd: my head run round like a spinnin' wheel; it was all burr, burr, burr, buzz, buzz, buzz. I bit in my breath to keep cool; I felt I was on the edge of a wharf, and only one step more was over head and ears chevallop in the water. Sam, says I to myself, be a man; be cool—take it easy: so I sot off agin, but I was so confused I got into my other speech on agricultur' that I had larned by heart, and mixed the two together all in a ravel. Thistles, says I, is the bane of all good husbandry. Extripate them from the land; they are usurpin' the places of grain, and all Slickville will be filled with Polls. If they have no voice in this assembly, how can you expect them to obey the laws they never made?

Compel folks to cut them down in the full of the moon, and they'll all die; I have tried it myself with universal suffrage and the ballot. Well, artillery is nothin' but a poggun to the noise the members now made,—is was an airthquake tipped with thunder and lightning. I never heerd nothing like it. I felt I was crazy; I wished I was dead a'most, or could sink through the floor into the middle of the sea, or any where but where I was. At last cousin Woodberry took pity on me, and came over to where I was, and said, Sam, said he, set down, that's a good feller; you don't know what you are a-doin' of; you are makin' an ass of yourself. But I didn't hear him. Confound you! said he, you look mean enough to put the sun into eclipse; and he laid hold of the skirts of my coat, and tried to pull me down; but instead of that he pulled 'em right off, and made an awful show of me. That sot me off agin, quite ravin' as bad as ever. I won't be put down, says I, Mr. Speaker; I fight for liberty and the Polls: I stand agin' the forty shillings. Unhand me, you slave! said I; touch me not, or I'll sacrifice you on the altar of my country; and with that I ups fist and knocks Woodberry over as flat as a pancake, and bolts right out of the hall. But I was so blinded with the cold in my head and rage together, I couldn't see no more nor a bat, and I pitched into several members in the way out, and 'most broke their necks and my own too. It was the first and the last of my speech-making. I went by the name, for years afterwards, in our town, of 'Free-and-equal Slick.' I wish I could wipe out that page of my follies from my memory, I tell you; but it's a caution to them that navigate in politicks, that's a fact. Nothin' on this side of the water makes so big a fool of a man, squire, he continued, as goin' to the house of representatives without bein' fit for it. Them that hante jist got the right weight of ballast are upst in no time, and turned bottom upwards afore they know where they be. Them that are a little vain by natur' get so puffed up and so consaited, they become nothin' but laughin' stocks to all the world, most ridiculous fools; while them whose principles ain't well anchored in good holdin'-ground, let the rogue peep out o' their professions plainer than they are a-thinkin' on. The skin of the beast will shew through, like an Irishman's elbow, though he has three coats on. But that ain't the worst of it neether. A man is apt to become bankrupt in business, as well as in character, by it. Doin' big and talkin' big for three months in the year, and puffin' each other up till they are ready to burst with their importance, don't convene with sellin' tape by the yard, or loadin' on carts, when they return home to their business. In short, squire, a country ought to be a rich country, with larned men in it, and men o' property to represent it, or else assembly work is nothin' but high life below stairs, arter all. I could point you out legislatures on this here continent where the speakin' is all kitchen' talk, all strut, brag, and vulgar impudence. It's enough to make a cat sick to hear fellers talk of independence who are mortgaged over head and ears in debt, or to listen to chaps jawin' about public virtue, temperance, education, and what not all day, who spend the night in a back room of a market tavern with the key turned, drinkin' hail-storm and bad rum, or playin' sispenny loo. If mankind only knew what folks they were, and how they helped fools themselves to fool them, there would be some hope of them, for they would have learned the first lesson of wisdom. But to sum-totalise my

story: the next time I went to poor old minister's arter that, says he, Sam, says he, they tell me you broke down the other day in the house of representatives, and made a proper gag of yourself. I am very sorry for you, very sorry indeed; but it is no use now a-cryin' over spilt milk. What can't be cured must be endured, I do suppose; but I do wish with all my heart and soul you had a-taken my advice and left politicks alone.—Don't mention it, minister, said I; I am ashamed to death of myself, and shall leave Slickville till it's blowed over and forgot: I can't bear to hear of it; it fairly makes me sick. It was a great card I had tho', if I had only played it right, says I, a very great card indeed. In fact, it was more than a card,—it was high, low, Jack, and the game.—What was it, said he, that was worth all that are nonsense?—Universal suffrage, says I.—Sam, said he (and I know'd I was in for a lectur', for he knit his brow, and looked in rael right down airnest), you don't know what you are a-talkin' about. Do you know what universal suffrage means?—To be sure I do, says I; it's every man havin' a vote and a voice in makin' those laws that is to govern him; and it comports with reason, and stands to common sense.—Well, says he, what's all that when it's tried? why, it amounts to this, and nothin' more nor less: Now men of property and character make laws to govern rogues and vagabonds, but by your beautiful scheme of universal suffrage, rogues and vagabonds will make laws to govern men of property and character. It is reversin' the order of things: it is worse than nonsense; it is downright madness. We are fast approaching this state without your aid, Sam, I can tell you; and when we do arrive at it we shall be an object for the finger of scorn to point at from Europe. We shall then have wound up the fearful tragedy of our revolution with as precious a farce as folly and licentious ever produced.—Minister, says I, I don't know how it is, but you have such a short-hand way of puttin' things, that there is no contradicthin' of you. You jist squeeze all the argument up in a ball, as easy as dough, and stop a feller's mouth with it. How the plague is it that you seem always right?—Because I never play a card, Sam. I never consider what is expedient, but what is right; never study what will tickle the ears of people, but what will promote their welfare. You would have been all straight, too, if you had only looked to the right and wrong of the measure; but you looked to popularity, and that sot you to playin' of a card. Now the upshot of this popular gambling, or card-playing, is patriotism; and mark my words, Sam, mark my words, my boy, for I am an old man now, and have read the human heart well,—in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, patriotism is the trump card of a scoundrel."

This is a fair specimen of the whole of this very clever volume, and we think justifies our opinion that the drollery of the author is a powerful auxiliary to his strong sense: with him the ridiculous is not the opposed test of reasoning, but its able ally.

It is beyond our limits to illustrate this by other extracts of similar length; but we must copy a few morsels out of the several subjects, just to shew how the clock strikes. [By the by, did Mr. Haliburton's *nom de guerre* suggest Mr. Dickens's title of "Humphrey's Clock?"] After the foregoing chapter, "Playing a Card," we have an excellent one on the wisdom gathered from being "Behind the Scenes;" and the "Black Brother," "The Great Unknown,"

and "Snubbing a Snob," are all capital in their various ways;—the first, touching on American brotherhood in sectarianism; the second, an English opposition party picking the brains of a Yankee visitor; and the last, on putting down a greenhorn in Slick's best style. Chapter VII. is entitled "Patriotism," and, like most of the rest, enlivened by a tale. A patriot of the Maine has just concluded an interested job, and told Sam of it, ends "Dulce est pro patria mori." And then he bust out a-larin', and staggered right over to the sophy, and laid down and haw-hawed like thunder. Well, Slick, said he, when he came too, what darned fools mankind are, to be so easily gulled by that are word patriotism! ain't they? It fairly beats all, don't it?—Now, strangers, said the Clockmaker, that's pretty much the case with delegations. As long as their missions are profitable things, delegates will be as plenty, and grievances as thick, as hops. If I was the minister I would receive them folks very civilly, and attend to their business if they had any, and was recommended by the governor: but I never would encourage agitation, and hold out a premium for it, by rewardin' agitators themselves with appointments. A trade won't be followed long that ain't a profitable one, that's a fact. I'll tell you a story." The story is of his being shewn the headless corpses of the two Shearers in the vault of St. Michan's Church, Dublin,—a disgraceful show it must have been,—where, from the dry nature of the soil, the bodies do not decay. As this was only two years ago, the shameful sight may yet be visible for a fee, as many others are in Great Britain, which ought to be sacred from greedy officials and idle curiosity. We pass to our next little sketch of love in a cottage. They are travelling in a retired country, and Mr. Slick suddenly reined up his horse:—

"There, said he, there is a pictur' for you, squire. Now, that's what minister would call love in a cottage, or rural felicity, for he was fond of fine names was the old man. A neat and pretty little cottage stood before us as we emerged from a wood, having an air of comfort about it not often found in the forest, where the necessities of life demand and engross all the attention of the settler. Look at that crittur, said he, Bill Dill Mill. There he sets on the gate, with his go-to-meetin' clothes on, a-doing of nothing, with a pocket full of potatoes, cuttin' them up into small pieces with his jackknife, and teachin' a pig to jump up and catch 'em in his mouth. It's the schoolmaster to home, that. And there sets his young wife a-balancin' of herself on the top rail of the fence opposite, and a-singin' her foot backward and forrard, and a-watchin' of him. Ain't she a heavenly splice that? By Jacob's spotted cattle what an ankle she has! Jist look! a rael torn-fed heifer that, ain't she? She is so plump she'd shed rain like a duck. Them Bluesones do beat all in galls, I must say, for they raise some desperate handsome ones. But then there is nothin' in that crittur. She is nothin' but wax-work—no life there; and he looks tired of his bargain already,—what you call fairly onswaggled. Now, don't speak loud, for if she sees us she'll cut and run like a weasel. She has got her hair all covered over with paper-curles, and stuck thro' with pins, like a porcupine's back. She's for a tea-squall to-night, and nothin' vexes women like bein' taken of a nonplush this way by strangers. That's matrimony, squire, and nothin' to do; a honeymoon in the woods, or young love grow'd ten days old. Oh, dear! if it was me,

I should yawn so afore a week; I should be skeered lest my wife should jump down my throat. To be left alone that way idle, with a wife that has nothin' to do and nothin' to say, if she was as pretty as an angel, would drive me melancholy mad. I should either get up a quarrel for vanity sake, or go hang myself to get out of the scrape. A tame, vacant, doll-faced, idle gall! O Lord! what a fate for a man who knows what's what, and is up to snuff! Who the plague can live on sugar-candy? I am sure I couldn't. Nothin' does for me like honey; arter a while I get to hate it like sin; the very sight of it is enough for me. Vinegar ain't half so bad; for that stimulates, and you can't take more nor enough of it if you would. Sense is better nor looks any time; but when sense and looks goes together, why then a woman is worth havin', that's a fact. But the best of the joke is, that crittur Bill Dill Mill has found out he 'knows too much,' and is most frettin' himself to death about it. He is actilly piuin' away so, that it will soon take two such men put together to make a shadow; and this I will say, that he is the first feller ever I met that actilly was 'too knowin' by half.' But time progresses, and so must we, I guess."

Sam bamboozles a "general" in the Maine, and his description of their concluding the bargain when in bed together (for such is common in American travelling) affords a strange idea of customs:—

"Well, arter walkin' about a trifle from the house, for a while, and talkin' about indifferent subjects, we took just a dust of rael good mint julip, and turned into bed.—Says he, Slick, excuse me, but I must turn my back on you, for, as I chews a good deal, I'd have to spit across you in the night, which ain't very genteel, so I can't lay spoonbill fashion.—Now for the spec'—I seed his curosty was up, so not to appear in a hurry, I said, General, said I, nothin' but bisnes would ever make me sleep with a man. I got frightened out of a year's growth once, by goin' to bed with a Britisher. It was second or third stage out of Buffalo, Canady way. When I arrived it was late to night, and I had to dig thro' the woods considerable sharp to get there at all. The house was full, and every bed had two in it, all 'cept one, and that an Englishman had, who carried on, and swore so 'bout sleepin' two in a bed, that they gave him one all to himself, more to save the bother of havin' a quarrel with him than out of any love for him; for them English are the devil when travellin', they give so much trouble, and do what you will be never satisfied.—Exactly, said the General, most commonly their manners are rude, overbearin', and tyrannical. They want their flints fixed for 'em, as we did last war; but, fire and tow! let's have your spec' afore we get a-noddin'; I shall go for it soon, for I am considerable sleepy, I tell you.—Well, says I, so they jist told me to take up with the Englishman, and I undressed in two-twos, outs with the candle, and into bed in no time. The crittur was a-lyin' with his back to me, a-snoring like a bull, and more nor once I had a-mind to wake him, so that we might have a fair start for it; but then, I thought it would only eend in a fight, so I let him be. But jist as I was a-droppin' off to sleep, the crittur fell too and kicked like a jackass. Lord, I thought he would have kicked me out of bed, or broke my leg, he kicked so like all possessed. Thinks I to myself, what on airth shall I do? shall I give him a stockdolager under the ear, and wake him up, or shall I turn to and kick him

in return agin? I didn't actilly know what to do; at last I gets upon my knees, gist lays hold of him by the shoulders and turned him over, with his face to me, and his back to the outside of the bed. Now, says I, kick away till you are tired, will you, my hearty, and you won't hurt nothin' but the wall. Well, if he didn't snore and kick away in great style, it's a pity; but as he didn't touch me no more, I dropped off a-sleep, and left him a-batterin' away at the wall with his heels like a paviour's rammer. In the mornin' he was quiet enough; but oh, such an ugly, ungainly-lookin' beast, I never seed. He had his mouth wide open, a-showin' of his snags of teeth like a hoss when he sneezes, and there was dry froth on his nose and lips from snortin' so. His eyes was open too (for some men sleep with their peepers open, like the Dutch overseer of the niggers with the glass eye, in the sugar-house), and they stared like the eyes of an owl, and had jist sich a glassy, filmy, onmeanin' look. His hands, like most Britishers, was as white as chalk, but the nails was blue, and so was his lips. The nostrils were pinched in, and his nose looked pointed, altogether he was a perfect pictur' of an ugly man. Hullo, shipmate, says I, how's your heels this mornin'? I guess you must have hurt 'em agin' that are wall last night, for you kicked like all vengeance; but he was as sound as a top. With that, I throw'd down the clothes on my side, and was a-gittin' out of bed, when one leg touched him, and his skin was so cold and so clammy; I turned round and took another survey of him, and then put my ear close to his mouth, and I hope I may be shot if he warn't as dead as a herring. He was I swear. It was an apperplexity fit he had, that made him kick so, like mad. It made me quite sick; I didn't get that crittur's ugly mug out of my thoughts for one while, I know. It was horrid now, warn't it?—Well, fire and tow! it was horrid, that's a fact, said the General, and if your bed-fellers are apt to be so confounded unlucky, I must say I'm 'most afeerd to go to bed with you. I don't like to hear about them things at night, they kinder skeer away sleep and set me a-dreamin'; let's hear about your Nova Scotia estate: what is it like?—We had a crowner's inquest on the body, says I, and the crowner, who was a bit of a wag, returned a verdict, 'Died of fright, a-sleepin' along with a Yankee.' He did, upon my soul. Fact, I assure you.—Who the plague cares, says Corncob, what the great, fat, porter-drinkin' hog died of; do, for gracious' sake, let him be! Did you say your land was in Nova Scotia or New Brunswick? Come, gin' over foolin', that's a good feller.—I seed he was very anxious to hear about the bond, so to tease him and pique him, says I, I had another curious adventure once with a man in bed.—What a devil of a long-winded feller you be, Slick, says he; why don't you come to the pinte at once? if you want advice, ax it; if not, let's go to sleep, for your stories are dismal. Fire and tow! I shall see that dead man in a night-mare yet.—Well, says I, this one will make you larf, anyhow, for it took a different turn from t'other one altogether. When I fust went out in the clock line, up Huron way, I used to be subject to the cramp, violent fits of the cramp, and nothin' a'most gave me relief but holdin' up a roll of stick brimstone in my hand, and I used to place it every night onder the pillar of my bed to have it handy. Well, one night (and most sincerely cold it was too) I was a-bed along with Flato Frisk, a jumpin' Quaker, a terrible, cross-grained, cantankerome crittur

as ever I seed. He had a beard like a goat, it hung down to his waist a'most, and he had the power of raisin' it up with his chin, and whiskin' it as an ondoaked crittur does its tail. A switch of it across your face was as bad as a blow from a bunch of stingin' nettles; it made it smart agin, like all wrath. It was a caution to look at. His nose was long, thin, and rounded, like the shape of a reapin'-hook, and his eyes as black and small as a weasel's; they looked like two burnt holes in a blanket, they was so deep. He actilly was an awful-lookin' crittur, as shaggy as a two-year old, and jist about as untamed too. Well, I woke up in the night half dead with the cramp, and screamin' like mad, and I jist out fin and felt for the brimstone, and I no sooner seized it than Frisk he roared like a bull too, and folks came runnin' and troopin' in from the other room, to see what on airth all the hubbub was about; and I hope I may die this blessed minit if I hadn't got him by the nose in mistake for the brimstone (a'most an endless one it was too), and was a-squeezin' away and a-hangin' on it like grim Death to a dead nigger. It made me lart so, when the lights come in and I seed the ugly faces the goney made, that it cured the cramp, hang me if it didn't. Well, the General, he haw-hawed right out, like thunder.

—Why, Slick, said he, what a droll feller you be! that was a mistake done a-purpose, I know it was, for you was always full of the devil when a boy; but for gracious' sake let my nose alone, at any rate, for I hante much to spare, I tell you. Upon my word you ain't over safe to sleep with, are you? But, fire and tow! let's go to land, as the feller said when the boat upset, let's get to land. Let's have bisness first, and jokes arterwards.—Well, there is reason even in roastin' an egg. I know'd I might push this too far, and that it was time to stop afore he smelt a rat. So I jist began at the beginnin', by tellin' him the land warn't for sale at no rate, but for a company, in shares, to be called 'Chester Lakes Mill Company,' and to be incorporated, like other companies, so that they needn't pay their debts if they hadn't a mind to. Then I laid out afore him how grand the water powers was, and what noble timber there was all around on the queen's land that was to be had for takin', and the great lakes for raftin' of it, and Windsor river for shippin' of it, and Mahone Bay on t'other side for exportin' of it, and so on, and then offer'd him a borms of four hundred dollars, and a commission of ten per cent to sell shares. All the time I was a talkin' of this, I heard old 'fire and tow' a-workin' of the weed in great style, and when I got this far, he put out his hand and felt under the pillar for his bacca. I seed he was a-beginnin' to nibble at the bait, and that he was fairly on the scent, and I calculated I should have him afore long, if nothin' didn't skeer him. Says he, why not sell out and out and have done with it? I think I could shew you how to put it off.—Sell it, says I, catch me a-sellin' of it! why it's onfit for sale.—Onfit! says he; how so? I thought you said it was particular jam.—So it is, says I, and that's the reason it's onfit; it's the rael right down thing itself.—You know best, says he, but if I was to presume to offer an opinion to a man o' your judgment, I should say, sell. Companies is cumbrous, full of liabilities, and troublesome. Sales is short and snug, and they eend the bisness, so you can turn the money quick, and are ready for a fresh start.—Exactly, says I, when it's a bam sell by all means; but when it's got a bottom, my rule is to hold on.—Says

he, look here, Slick.—What on airth is the use of lookin' says I, for it's as dark as Egypt; I can't see if I do look.—Fire and tow! said he, listen, if you can, for you are like a sheep's head, all jaw. I'll give you two thousand dollars at a word, for your bargain; what do you say now, go or no go? Say the word, bargain or no bargain!—I'll give you an answer in the mornin', general, says I. I don't want to part with it, and I must sleep upon it. The fact is, selling shares to a company would bring more nor twice that are sum. Let me cipher over it a little, for I have got hold of a rael pitikilar smart chance, and the right eend of the rope too, and if I am too greedy to turn it at once, I know I shall repent it to my dying day.—No, said he, I like a man to be up to the notch, and stand to his licklog; salt or no salt, say the word, or it's no offer.—Dear, dear, said I, you put the leak into every one, a'most, General; other men beat the bush, but you catch the bird; say ninety cents more, for I have made a vow I wouldn't look at two thousand dollars, and it's yourn.—Fire and tow! then, done, said he, and now I'll shew you how I do business; and with that he jumps out of bed and lights a lucifer, and openin' of his desk, says he, Write you a short assignment of that bond, Slick, and I will write the cheque; and in less than twenty minutes the bond was in his trunk, the cheque in my portmanter, and we was both in bed agin, back to back, as sociable as you please.

Sam is fine on cemeteries: *ex.gr.* he asks his companion to see Mount Auburn in Boston, and proceeds:—

—Lord, the French may crack and boast as much as they please about their 'Pair o' Shaise,' but it's no touch to it. Why, I never was so disappointed in anything in all my life, since I was brought up, as that are Paris buryin' ground. It looks for all the world like an old ruined town, where the houses are all gone, and the porches, and steps, and dog-kennels, are left. It hante no interest in it at all, except the names o' them that's buried there; but Mount Auburn is worth seein' for itself. It's actilly like pleasure ground, it's laid out so pretty, and is the grandest place for courtin' in I know on, it's so romantic. Many a woman that's lost one husband there has found another in the same place. A widower has a fine chance of seein' widders there; and then nobody ever suspects them of courtin', bein' that they are both in black, but takes 'em for mourners, and don't intrude on 'em out of pity. I'll go a bet of a hundred dollars the women invented that place, for they beat all natur' for contrivances, so they do. Yes, squire, if you have a mind for a rich young widder, clap a crape weeper on your hat, and a white nose-rag in your hand, and go to Mount Auburn, and you'll see some heavenly splices there, I tell you, in some o' them are shady walks, that will put all the dead in creation out of your head a'most. Them sailer-lookin', garlic-eatin' French heifers, you see, to 'Pair o' Shays,' may have better top gear, and better rigin' in general than our galls, and so they had ought, seein' that they think of nothin' else but dress; but can they shew such lips, and cheeks, and complexions, that's all, or such clinker-built models? No, not them, nor any other women of any other nation in the universal world. If they can, it's some place that's not discovered yet, that's all I can say; and you must go a leetle farther than the eend of the airth to find them, for they ain't this side of it. You must

see Mount Auburn to-morrow, squire, that's a fact; but then, leave your heart to home, to the Tremont, as folks do their watches when they go to the theatre to London, or you will lose it as sure as you are born."

With this we are compelled to be content for the present, but must have another gossip with our esteemed friend the Clockmaker.

Forget-me-Not for 1841. Edited by F. Shoberl. 18mo. pp. 354. London. Ackermann and Co.

Of late our pages have been crammed with science, at which many of our lighter readers turned up their little noses; but now they may have their enjoyment and revenge, for this is the abundant ephemeral time of publication, and we shall only rejoice if our scientific readers do not in turn turn up their learned noses at the flood of Annual glitter which pours in upon the gayer world. Be that as it may, even with the idea of the two stools before us, we can be but the creatures of circumstances, and reflect the form and pressure of the age as its real images rise to the view.

Forget-me-Not, an old and established favourite, comes forth with its due amount of art, and variety of prose and verse. In the former, "Phoebe May's Dream," by Parris, engraved by E. Scriven; "The King's Banner-bearer," by Cattermole, engraved by L. Stocks; and "The Wife of Raleigh," painted and engraved by J. Penstone, are the best; the other seven either not being such good designs, or not so well executed by the burin. Among the contributors, Mrs. Sigourney, Lady Blessington, Miss A. Strickland, Miss M. A. Browne, Miss Pardoe, Miss Lawrance, Charles Swain, Richard Johns, Dr. Mackenzie, E. Howard, Laman Blanchard, and G. P. R. James, are the most known to fame, and successful in adorning this volume. In our choice of quotation, however, we must be guided by limits, and the wish to be as various as we can; and under these impressions we pitch upon Lieut. Johns's original tale of Cornwall, which is simply and well told; and a poem upon Love by Miss E. Scaife, as brief as true love itself.

"Since the days of Darby and Joan, never could there have been a nicer couple than Mr. and Mrs. Poltwinny. Many are paired, but these were matched; and, if not born for each other, the wonder would be why they came into this world at all: yet in their relative positions well did they fulfil the apparent purpose of their being; helpmates and copartners, changeless amid change, pursuing in harmony the even tenor of their way. But, once upon a time, Mr. Poltwinny, in an evil moment, nearly destroyed this fair fabric of tranquil happiness by a single inconsiderate act—we had almost said youthful indiscretion—though, as few remembered Mr. and Mrs. Poltwinny to have been young, it is probable the old gentleman had sown his wild oats ere our tale commences. The ancient pair lived on a comfortable annuity, which supplied all the wants, and afforded many of the superfluities of life. They dwelt in their own cottage, redeemed of the land-tax, and too small to come under other assessments; even the parson did not get a tenth apple or gooseberry out of their garden, since Mr. Poltwinny not being a horticulturist, its arrangements were always at 'sixes and sevens.' Could the old people have been more happy? for, to crown all, their lot was cast in a temperate climate, in a respectable neighbourhood, and in a county remarkable for longevity. Yet, though the inhabitants of that part of the world did live a long time, now and then it

would happen that a neighbour died; and, on one occasion, which falls in our province to mention, Death most impertinently took unto himself, and to the churchyard of Chatterton, a very wealthy man, who, among other bequests, willed 'To his kind and quiet neighbours, Sarah and Peter Poltwinny, the estate called St. Ernst.' Now the reader may perhaps be envying our old friends this piece of good fortune; but, though the property was well let, and worth a full hundred a-year, we doubt not it would have been much better for Mr. and Mrs. Poltwinny had any covetous person possessed it rather than themselves. That hitherto harmonious couple found the apple of discord in the said little farm of St. Ernst. Mr. Poltwinny wanted to go and see it without delay, while Mrs. Poltwinny, who never went farther than the bowling-green, 'for a bit of a turn in the evening,' thought there need be no hurry in the matter. 'To be sure, they would go some time or other, that is to say, when there was a *fitty* and proper day; but she couldn't abide to be fussed; and Mr. P. was always a nag, nag, nag, about going; and it hurt her more than any body could tell.' Thus would the old lady pour the secret of her sorrows into the eagerly listening ears of the gentle gossips of the town, who—sympathising creatures!—would lift their open palms to the level of their chins in commiseration; and wisely did they shake their heads as they declared 'men would be men,' and that 'poor women had a great deal to put up with,' till Mrs. Poltwinny actually believed herself the most injured wife in the parish. We are strong advocates for married ladies having their own way, but then we would suggest the propriety of their conceding a proportionate freedom of action to their husbands, ere they take on themselves this privilege. As this is a true history, it must be confessed Mrs. Poltwinny might have regarded her ancient helpmate's anxiety to inspect his landed property with a little more forbearance; more particularly, as the prospect of the jaunt had its gratification even to her. Yes, often would she put forth the luckless proposition, 'Now, Mr. Poltwinny, let's talk about going to St. Ernst, just for a bit of a cosey chat;' with this prelude commencing that communion of soul which usually followed their two-o'clock meal. It was then that, seated on either side the fireplace, and gravely arguing the St. Ernst question, the old people would prose each other to sleep after dinner, if Mr. Poltwinny's perverseness in trying to fix a day for the excursion did not produce a squabble requiring the best part of the afternoon to make up. We will, so far as our feeble pen enables us, give to the reader one of these discussions: and to say, it was the last that the journey to St. Ernst afforded them; the subject ever afterwards possessing too painful reminiscences to be idly renewed. It was a gala day at Chatterton. May had not, at the period of which we write, become a cold, blowing, wintry month, and it was appropriately ushered in with festivities. Our scene is laid in rather a primitive part of old England. On this occasion there was much merriment without much intemperance, and the joyous dance was not confined within the walls of the dwellings, but took its course along the streets. Music hailed the dawn, and carolled through the day. Even the parish-beadle forgot to be churlish. Yet all this merry-making had but little effect on Mr. and Mrs. Poltwinny. They had passed the age for such uproarious mirth; added to which, the debates occasioned by the possession of the St. Ernst estate had gone far to absorb

every minor interest. The dinner had been removed by the maiden who took charge of the Poltwinny household department, when the old gentleman suddenly remarked, 'I wonder, Mrs. Poltwinny, if we ever shall get to St. Ernst?' The patient partner of the impatient querist, for this was evidently a leading question in disguise, did not accustom herself to take offence at an early stage of the conversation; so she quietly replied, 'I am sure I have not the least objection to going—you can't say I ever refused to go, Mr. Poltwinny—now can ee?' 'No, my dear,' coaxingly rejoined the old man, 'you never did; and I should like to see the farm some fine afternoon. It's barely three miles off, and if ee don't care to walk, why the cost of a car there and back will be only five shillings; and we can take our own tea and sugar and a seedy cake, and Farmer Freeman will boil the kettle for us—' and here the speaker paused for breath, having, in eagerness to gain his heart's fondest wish, expended more of that commodity than so short an harangue warranted. 'Mr. Poltwinny, I told ee before, and I tell ee now, that I have no objection,' gravely responded the old lady. 'Thank ee, my dear, thank ee. Why, please sure, I have set my mind upon going, and don't ee know that we've had the place nine months come Midsummer? When shall it be, then, Mrs. Poltwinny? suppose we say to-morrow.' 'How can ee be so foolish, Mr. Poltwinny!' snappishly returned his helpmate, for they had now arrived at the point dangerous of their discourse. 'How can ee be so foolish! don't ee know that to-morrow's washing-day?' 'Well, well, my dear, then say Wednesday?' 'Oh! bless my heart! Mr. Poltwinny, what can have come to ee? Wednesday the maiden will be drying and folding, and you know I do always help her.' 'Never mind, then, Mrs. Poltwinny, suppose we name Thursday?' 'Dear! dear! why the man must be a born fool! what can make ee forget the ironing? It's enough to tire the patience of a tender lamb. I wish ee'd go without me, please sure, I do; like a tearing, gallivanting man as ee are!' Here the ancient dame gave symptoms of a cry, though her insinuations respecting the infidelity of her spouse were most unjust. In the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Chatterton, never had there been a continuous separation for more than an hour between Mr. and Mrs. Poltwinny; nor had it ever entered into the old gentleman's head, till then, that it was possible for him to go to St. Ernst by himself. 'Mrs. Poltwinny, don't cry—'tis very foolish to cry for such a trifle—what a fuss ee do make about it!' Thus saying, with a look of peculiar sagacity, Peter Poltwinny went to the cupboard and brought out a bottle. 'We'll have another glass, Mrs. Poltwinny, as 'tis holidy time, and drop the subject.' The old lady said nothing, which was a good sign—she had another glass and was comforted. There happened to be an interregnum of repose in the town; the maiden 'had liberty' for the evening; she had set the 'tea-things' and gone out, leaving the kettle in charge of her master and mistress, who, glad of an excuse for a fire, agreed that they might as well burn the coals in the parlour as in the kitchen. It is now necessary that the reader should be introduced, with all imaginable perspicuity, to the Poltwinny *salle à manger*. It was a snug little apartment, twelve feet by ten, warmly carpeted; four high-backed chairs of black wood stood sentry against the dark wainscoting, and a mushroom-shaped table bore on its glossy

mahogany the aforesaid 'tea-things.' The most affecting portions of the history of the prodigal son had suggested subjects for three prints over the mantel-piece; beneath which, prostrate before the fender, was a worsted tiger, on a green field of the same material, surrounded by a coffee-coloured fringe; the whole being the work of Mrs. Poltwinny's industrious hands. That beast of prey was an awful-looking animal, much resembling a yellow donkey, streaked and spotted with black, the hoofs being removed and giving place to long claws, much too terrific to gaze upon, had they not, by their form and colour, called to our recollection sundry branches of young carrots. Mrs. Poltwinny was not a nervous woman, yet surely nothing but custom, and the fact of the appalling monster being the creation of her own fancy, could have reconciled her to slumber, as she was then doing, like Tippecoe, with a tiger's head for a footstool. This brings us to the arm-chair on either side of the fireplace. In one of these reclined Mrs. Poltwinny, a sharp-faced little dame, whose wizened cheeks, wearing a ruddy tinge, reminded you of winter apples kept long in store. Round her head was the close quilling of a high cap, decorated with pink bows, which confined a smart front of auburn curls, made from her own hair, as she positively declared, though when cut off was never stated—the only affectation our ancient friend sported being a dislike to confess herself grey. A long-waisted, plum-coloured, silk gown, crossed by a tightly-pinned shawl, snow-white stockings, and somewhat high-heeled slippers, completed the costume of the sleeper. And now, disregarding the syren voice of the tea-kettle, which was beginning to sing, and merely mentioning, *en passant*, that it was shining in all the radiance of bright copper, we will take a glance at the opposite chair and introduce Peter Poltwinny to the reader. The old gentleman was of opinion that he was about the middle height; but this is an altitude so few confess they are below, that we are not at all surprised he had taken the medium at five feet two, for such was he in his shoes. Still, if Mr. Poltwinny did not carry a high head among the children of men, he certainly bore a very long one, which many think far better. He had a long nose too, and a long chin, and these seemed bent in eternal consultation as to the width of his mouth, while his lengthy ears stood out as if listening to the debate. All these features were set in rather a cadaverous complexion, and formed the capital of a long body. Where, then, was the short-coming in Mr. Poltwinny's stature? the reader will naturally ask. It was in his legs. Though, so far as form went, straight and proper to look at, they appeared never to have arrived at their proper growth; and, cased as these extremities generally were in leather inexpressibles, blue hose, and buckled shoes, they seemed rather the appendages of a charity boy, than belonging to so matured and respectable an individual as our hero. Yes, Mr. Poltwinny is our hero. Without further preface we announce this important fact, ere we recommence the action of this domestic drama. Silly and cautiously was he glancing at his sleeping partner with his little grey eyes, for Peter Poltwinny had not yielded to the influence of the drowsy god. There was a speculation in those orbs most unwonted. Uprose that old man with stealthy caution. It was a period of fearful excitement. We would fain pause in our narrative; but the daring act of that cruel husband must be revealed. We have witnessed

many scenes of overpowering interest in certain melodramas that, however faintly, may in some degree approach the reality of this moment. How breathless is the effect when a deed of import is to be done, while a principal character in the piece slumbers! With what care will the lady or gentleman doing the waking business of the scene appear to ascertain that the recumbent party actually sleeps—no fox's sleep, but a *bona fide* sound nap! So completely absorbed have we been during such a passage in the enthralling drama, that we have longed for an expressive snore to assure us of this fact. Return we now to the Poltwinnies. The old man had approached the sleeping dame with noiseless foot. His hand was uplifted to reach his hat from a small side-table near her, when Mrs. Poltwinny's nose gave utterance to that melody peculiar to slumber, and this drove Mr. Poltwinny back to his chair. In a moment he recovered himself sufficiently to draw comfort, rather than affright, from a sound which now at intervals testified that his unsuspecting wife actually slept. He gained his hat.—He cautiously approached the door.—He opened it—and, desperate man! in another instant he was on his way to St. Ernst. The scene of this domestic perfidy was on the outskirts of the town, and Mr. Poltwinny traversed divers byestreets with hasty steps, it being then past four o'clock, and the goal of his desires lying nearly three miles on the other side of Chatterton. Whatever other errors he may have committed, we feel assured that the old gentleman never contemplated the awful wickedness of remaining out after nightfall. Leaving him to pursue his way, we will return to his respectable and injured spouse, who continued tranquilly unconscious of the cruel treachery of her husband. Little did she dream that her unfortunate petulance in calling Mr. Poltwinny a 'tearing, gallivanting man,' and desiring him to 'go to St. Ernst by himself,' had literally put this daring idea into his head; and, alas! so quick is the growth of evil, it might not be impossible that the once staid and proper elderly gentleman would, in the end, deserve the character she had so heedlessly assigned him. Brightly the fire burnt, loudly the kettle sang, and soundly did Mrs. Poltwinny sleep. How many unwittingly slumber over a mine, remarks the moralist who would expatiate on the instability of all sublunary affairs, and finds in gunpowder the most powerful simile for his purpose. Now Mrs. Poltwinny was actually, as well as figuratively, sleeping over a mine; but it was a mine not likely to blow her into the air; no, rather to precipitate her full fifty fathom deep into the bowels of the earth. Since the days of those first of travelling timmen, the Phenicians, that part of England of which we write has been a mining district. We are not composing a treatise on the stannary laws, but we must observe that a custom existed formerly which has occasioned no small surprise of late years. We refer to the practice of passing balks of timber across the mouth of a disused shaft of a mine, which, though they might have prevented the then rising generation from an untimely descent, have had the dangerous effect of obliterating all marks of such a chasm from the surface, by the collection of earthy and vegetable matter, till the very site has been frequently forgotten. Yes, thus may the enterprising building speculator, in planting his ten-pound freeholds on this soil, find that he is on the verge of a burrow which the Reform-bill never contemplated. Reader, Mrs. Poltwinny's feet were on the tiger's head; the tiger reposed on

the hearth; but the shaft of a mine, which just came within the limits of the shallow foundation of the cottage, was beneath that hearth-stone. We know not if the primitive earth about the old-fashioned town of Chatterton trembled at Mr. Poltwinny's audacity, or whether a portion of the timbers covering the chasm had decayed, but it is certain that Mrs. Poltwinny was aroused from her slumber by a sound which to her sleeping ears strongly resembled thunder; and the old lady, when she opened her eyes, gazed into an abyss some hundred feet deep. Down—down had gone the hearth-stone. Down—down had gone fender and fire-irons. The tiger hung suspended, as if unwilling to proceed farther into an unknown country; and Mr. Poltwinny's chair had one leg in the grave. Let any elderly gentleman imagine the alarming position in which Mrs. Poltwinny was placed at this moment. The distracted old lady gave a shriek which would have been appalling, only nobody heard her. She did not dare to stir, for she felt tottering for a fall; so all she could do was to scream, and even the shaking of her voice threatened to precipitate her into the pit. It must not be supposed that our heroine's distress was all selfish. No;—verily believing that her respected husband had fallen a victim to that 'fatal shaft,' loud was the lament she raised over his sudden departure. A shower of burning ashes now fell from the grate; and she fancied, as they descended, that she heard a faint groan. 'Mr. Poltwinny! Mr. Poltwinny!' cried the agonised wife, 'speak—are ee down there?' No answer was vouchsafed, seeing that Mr. Poltwinny was gone to St. Ernst. Already a widow in imagination, alas! there was no one to console with her. The kettle sang away as if nothing had happened, but glad are we to say that this unfeeling domestic rebel to a good mistress soon met with the fate it so richly deserved. Oppressed by the heat, and ultimately boiling over, it slipped from a high coal on which it was poised, lost its equilibrium, pitched on the tiger's back, and thence bounded into the ebony darkness beneath. It was immediately followed by the royal animal, thus bathed in hot water; and doubtless there was a fearful settlement in the depths of that mine. Lucky for Mr. Poltwinny that he was not 'down there' to superintend it. Strange it may appear that our ancient friend did not manage to push aside her chair, and escape from her fearful and inactive position, since no portion of the floor had descended with the hearth-stone; but it must be remembered that the good lady, like the philosopher of old, wanted the fulcrum for her lever. Her feet dangled over the shaft, nor could she slide out of her seat, which, being formed on an easy principle, walled her in on every side. No; all that Mrs. Poltwinny could do was most conscientiously performed—she screamed till she could scream no longer; and then employed herself, as she imagined, in looking after Mr. Poltwinny; an occupation which, in another sense, had been the whole business of her life. Nearly two hours had elapsed in this unpleasant predicament, when the sound of fiddles, drums, and fifes, arose in the distance: thus the prisoner hoped that succour was hand, nor was the hope fallacious. Having so far relieved the reader's anxiety respecting the worthy dame, we will follow Mr. Poltwinny to St. Ernst, whither he travelled as fast as his little legs could carry him. The farmer, his tenant, happened to be opportunely at home. They went into the farmyard and the fields, they looked into the cowsheds and

the pigsties, indeed over the whole property and premises. The landlord was so delighted that he promised Farmer Freeman a new thatch to his barn; and Farmer Freeman, out of respect to the generous proprietor, opened a bottle of very curious old rum to ratify the agreement; concluding his attentions by driving Peter Poltwinny back to Chatterton in his taxed cart. For the honour of human nature, it must not be supposed that the runaway husband indulged in all these pleasures without some small prickings of conscience, to say nothing of sundry apprehensions that Mrs. Poltwinny would never forgive him. He had tried to comfort himself in the belief that, as she usually slept long of an afternoon, her anxiety about him would be of short duration; but then, again, he recollected that, having foolishly left the kettle on the fire, it might boil over, and disturb her. Poor Mr. Poltwinny! could he but have guessed where that kettle then was! These distressing thoughts, however, had subsided under the influence of two or three glasses of punch; and when the farmer set the worthy proprietor down at the entrance of the town, the happy little gentleman started for his house, certainly in a state of much bewildered excitement, but still with thorough enjoyment of spirit. The thirst of his soul was slaked; had he not been to St. Ernst? Thus he pursued his course with great hilarity. The town was all harmony; music was playing; men and women were dancing; and why should he alone be unhappy? About the length of a street from his own cottage, Mr. Poltwinny fell in with a string of youths and maidens, preceded by musicians, who, according to the custom of the town on that particular day, were performing most vigorously a kind of continuous figure, which enabled the dancers to progress through all the principal thoroughfares. What demon tempted Mr. Poltwinny we know not, unless it might have been that spirit of Obi which is a native of our Western Indies, *videlicet*, rum; but true it is, though strange to say, he got entangled in the maze dance, and this when he was not far from his own house, beneath the windows of his wife's most intimate acquaintance, Miss Weeks, an amiable spinster of fifty-three, whose only weakness was an excess of sympathetic friendship. With virtuous horror the antiquated maiden beheld the husband of her friend poussetting it with half-a-dozen damsels at once, as the merry-makers crowded round him, and the music poured forth its loudest strain. For Miss Weeks to slip on her bonnet and shawl, and dash out of her back-door, was but the work of a moment. 'A scandalous, audacious old fellow! but I'll tell his wife of un' and, so saying, by a short cut the sympathising neighbour reached her destination, and, without the ceremony of knocking, ran into the little parlour where we just now left poor Mrs. Poltwinny on the very brink of destruction. 'Where's your husband, my dear?' cried Miss Weeks, ere her hurried glance had quite taken in the peculiar position of her unhappy friend. Now the querist had fully assured herself that the old gentleman was dancing through the streets; but then it was proper to ascertain under what false pretences he had gone abroad. With a burst of joyful tears at the arrival of help, Mrs. Poltwinny, still seated in her arm-chair like an affrighted tenant of an up-and-down at a fair, pointed to the chasm before her, and sobbed out, 'Pull me back! pull me back! he's tumbled down there!' To have found a friend in so extraordinary a dilemma, we might suppose would have changed the current of the

sternest thoughts; but no—a duty was to be performed; 'Miss Weeks would shew Mrs. Poltwinny what kind of a man her husband was: 'so, reserving all questions as to the scene before her, the indignant virgin exclaimed, 'Down there, my dear woman! he's dancing the streets with the maidens; and, whirling the chair round with much dexterity, she raised the injured wife on *terra firma*, and hurried her to the bay-window. 'Look at un, look at un!' said Miss Weeks. 'How did ee get such a hole in the floor, my dear? Look at the audacious old fellow! I would not live with un after this—that I wouldn't! What made ee think he was down in the pit, my dear soul? Why, the mercy is you didn't go in yourself.' Thus questioned and ejaculated this invaluable neighbour, while poor Mrs. Poltwinny was staring with distended eyes at her husband 'dancing with the maidens.' The little man at length extricated himself from the merry group, and, catching a glance of his wife, together with the fair counsellor at her right hand, he approached the door with that downcast expression of visage and unobtrusive demeanour which have been classically said to remind one of a dog that has burnt his tail. 'Where have ee been, you cruel thing you? a'n't ee ashamed of yourself? Oh, the fright I've had about ee!' cried Mrs. Poltwinny to the truant as he entered. The old man was agast, for he knew that the truth must come out one time or another. He looked at his wife, and then at Miss Weeks, and then at his wife again, while his small legs trembled under him. 'I've been to St. Ernst,' said Mr. Poltwinny. Mrs. Poltwinny had borne up wonderfully the whole of that afternoon; she had believed her husband entombed alive; she had herself been in imminent peril; and, when rescued from this, she had beheld the partner of her bosom, whom she had mourned as dead, wantonly dancing with maidens of low degree: all this she had supported like a heroine, but human nature could not stand such a climax to the distresses of the day: Mr. Poltwinny said he had been to St. Ernst, and Mrs. Poltwinny swooned! It was many a long month ere the harmony of the Poltwinny's was restored; and it is supposed that the reconciliation of the old couple would never have been effected had they not removed from the neighbourhood of which Miss Weeks formed so distinguished an ornament, in consequence of the breaking-up of their domestic hearth; but never again did Mr. and Mrs. Poltwinny talk of 'going to St. Ernst.'"

"Love.

And is it all a dream—a dream?
Is love indeed a dream?
Are all love's bright imaginings
Like sunlight on the stream?
Is there no truth—no lasting truth—
To hallow future years.
In all love's thousand fervent vows,
Its mingled smiles and tears?
Is there no steadfastness in love—
No ever-during night?
O, is it all a dream—a dream,
A falling star of night?
Tell not of love! it is a dream:
It is indeed a dream!
Tell not of love! it is indeed
A sunlight on the stream!
Tell not of love! it owns no god,
No truth, no during night;
Tell not of love! the child of change,
Whose breath can bless and blight.
Tell not of love! it cannot last,
Though seeming from above;
Tell not of love! it is a dream:
Tell not of Earthly love!"

Friendship's Offering; and Winter's Wreath: a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1841. 18mo. pp. 384. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

FRIENDSHIP'S offerings ought to be much the same, year after year for many a year; and if they are not often so in the intercourse of life, it is at least a merit of consistency that they are pretty nearly so in this now eighteen-years-old miscellany. The success it has acquired it deserves to retain; for we find its poetry, its prose, and its embellishments, so little different from former periods, that we could offer no objection to giving or taking 1835 for 1839, or 1840 for 1841, or, handy-dandy, any one Christmas for any other of its Christmas publications. Such being the case, we have only to glance our eye over the contents and select a few specimens of the finer features as illustrations of the whole.

A preface presents the usual editorial gratulations, and the Annual opens with "Clande Rovani," an Italian prose tale by "the Hon. Mrs. Erskine Norton." Another "Hon." lady, Mrs. Lambert, supplies a Sicilian story of like stamp; and Etty, the R.A., lends his name to a few reflections of no general interest. "The Collegian of Coimbra," a Portuguese tale by Mr. W. H. Harrison, fills about thirty pages; and an Eastern legend by Mr. J. A. St. John, nearly as many. Allan Cunningham we are glad to see again in print, like himself, with a Scotch piece of the Covenanted time; and Dr. W. C. Taylor, with "The Tomb of Solomon," a well-done Jewish legend. The rest of the *proses* are by Agnes Strickland, Eden Lowther, Mrs. Ellis, anonymous contributors, and the author of "The Provost of Bruges," whose pen draws a descriptive and pathetic picture of the destruction of some of the last of the Egyptian Mamelouks. From none of these can we conveniently make any extracts; and we must, therefore, look from them to the more brief poetical interspersions.

"The Happy Valley," by Thomas Miller, though partially cramped by being written to illustrate an engraving, is, in our opinion, by far the *happiest* of these; the single epithet which commences the third stanza, "The golden-bellied bees," proclaims the poet of nature. But we give the composition entire:—

"It was a valley filled with sweetest sounds,
A laud music haunted every where,—
Like those with which a summer-eve abounds,
From rustling corn, and song-birds calling clear,
Down sloping uplands, which some wood surrounds,
With tinkling rills just heard, but not too near;
Or lowing cattle on the distant plain,
And swing of far-off bells, now caught, then lost again.

It seemed like Eden's angel-peopled vale,
So bright the sky, so soft the streams did flow;
Such tones came riding on the musk-winged gale,
The very air seemed sleepily to blow,
And choicest flowers enamelled every dale,
Flushed with the richest sunlight's rosy glow:
It was a valley drowsy with delight,
Such fragrance floated round, such beauty dimmed the sight.

The golden-bellied bees hummed in the air,
The tall silk grasses bent and waved along;
The trees slept in the steeping sunbeams' glare,
The dreamy river chimed its under-song,
And took its own free course without a care:
Amid the boughs did lute-tongued songsters throng,
Until the valley throbbled beneath their lays,
And echo echo chased, through many a leafy maze.

And shapes were there, like spirits of the flowers,
Sent down to see the Summer-beauties dress,
And feed their fragrant mouths with silver showers;
Their eyes peeped out from many a green recess,
And their fair forms made light the thick-set bowers:
The very flowers seemed eager to caress
Such living sisters; and the boughs, long-leaved,
Clustered to catch the sighs their pearl-flush'd bosoms heaved.

One through her long loose hair was backward peeping,
Or throwing, with raised arm, the locks aside;
Another high a pile of flowers was heaping,
Or looking love askance, and, when descried,

Her coy glance on the bedded greensward keeping;
She pulled the flowers to pieces as she sighed,—
Then blushed like timid day-break when the dawn
Looks crimson on the night, and then again's withdrawn.

One, with her warm and milk-white arms outspread,
On tip-toe tripped along a sun-lit glade;
Half turned the matchless sculpture of her head,
And half shook down her silken circling braid;
Her back-blown scarf an arched rainbow made,
She seemed to float on air, so light she sped;
Skimming the wavy flowers, as she passed by,
With fair and printless feet, like clouds along the sky.

One sat alone within a shady nook,
With wild-wood songs the lazy hours beguiling;
Or looking at her shadow in the brook,
Trying to frown, then at the effort smiling—

Her laughing eyes mocked every serious look;
'Twas as if Love stood at himself reviling:
She threw in flowers, and watched them float away,
Then at her beauty looked, then sang a sweeter lay.

Others on beds of roses lay reclined,
The regal flowers advancing their cold lips toward,
And in one fragrance both their sweets combined,
As if they on the self-same stem had grown,
So close were rose and lily together twined,—

A double flower that from one bud had blown,
Till none could tell, so closely were they blended,
Where swelled the curving lip, or where the rose-bloom ended.

One, half-asleep, crushing the twined flowers,
Upon a velvet slope like Dian lay;
Still as a lark that mid the daisies cowers;
Her looped-up tunic tossed in disarray,
Shewed rounded limbs too fair for earthly bowers;
They looked like roses on a cloudy day:
The warm white daisies amid the colder green;
The flowers too rough a couch that lovely shape to screen.

Some lay like Thetis' nymphs along the shore,
With ocean-pearl combing their golden locks,
And singing to the waves for evermore;
Sinking like flowers at eve beside the rocks,
If but a sound above the muffled roar
Of the low waves was heard. In little flocks,
Others were trooping through the wooded alleys,
Their kirtles glancing white, like streams in sunny valleys.

They were such forms as, imaged in the night,
Sail in our dreams across the heaven's steep blue;
When the closed lid sees visions streaming bright,
Too beautiful to meet the naked view!
Like faces formed in clouds of silver light.
Women they were! such as the angels knew—
Such as the Mammoth looked on, ere he fled,
Scared by the lovers' wings, that streamed in sunset red."

From J. R., of Christ's Church, Oxford,* we have some spirited poems, including the third part and conclusion of the "Broken Chain." There are fewer of this young aspirant's peculiarities in these compositions; and as he seems to bestow more thought and pains on what he does, instead of running wild after words and imperfect similes,† we trust yet to see an original prediction of the realisation of his powers fulfilled. Meanwhile, a rival University man is proclaimed in T. E. Hankinson, M.A., of Cambridge, who celebrates the burning of the Royal Exchange in some pleasant lines, though not so playful as they assume. They resemble, at a distance, the "Rejected Address" imitation of Sir W. Scott; but, sooth to say, we cannot consider the Royal Exchange so fortunate in this celebration of its fiery fate as to be redeemed from the curse implied by the last tune its evening bells performed,—

"There's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava;
There's little pleasure in the house," &c.

"The Phantom Fact" (anonymous) is an agreeable trifle; and "The Heir of Dunrea," by the author of the "Provost of Bruges," is a sad and terrible ballad; but we will conclude (none of the others possessing any remarkable merit, and some of them being very namby-pamby) with one of Mr. T. K. Hervey's natural and touching songs:—

"Homes and Graves.
How beautiful a world were ours,
But for the pale and shadowy One

* He styles the bees "music winged," page 312, which is a good phrase; but neither so fine nor so original as Mr. Miller's.—Ed. L. G.

† Such as even yet, at page 316,—
"And waved its dark and drifted plumes
Like fires that haunt the unholy tomb."

That treadeth on its pleasant flowers,
And stalketh in its sun!
Glad childhood needs the lore of time
To shew the phantom overhead;—
But where the breast, before its prime,
That carrieth not its dead,—
The moon that looketh on whose home
In all its circuit sees no tomb?

It was an ancient tyrant's thought
To link the living with the dead:—
Some secret of his soul had taught
That lesson dark and dread!
And, oh! we bear about us, still,
The dreary moral of his art,—
Some form that lieth, pale and chill,
Upon each living heart,
'Tied to the memory, till a wave
Shall lay them in one common grave!

To boyhood hope, to manhood fears!
Alas!—alas! that each bright home
Should be a nursing-place of tears,
A cradle for the tomb!

If childhood seeth all things loved
Where home's unshadowy shadows wave,
The old man's treasure hath removed,
He looketh to the grave!—
For grave and home lie sadly bent,
Wherever spreads yon firmament.

A few short years—and then, the boy
Shall miss, beside the household hearth,
Some treasure from his store of joy,
To find it not on earth:—

A shade within its saddened walls
Shall sit, in some beloved's room,
And one dear name, he vainly calls,
He written on a tomb:—
He have learnt, from all beneath,
His first, dread, bitter taste of death!

And years glide on, till manhood's come;
And where the young, glad faces were,
Perchance the once bright, happy home
Hath many a vacant chair:—
A darkness from the churchyard shed,
Hath fallen on each familiar room,
And much of all home's light hath fled,
To smoulder in the tomb:—
And household gifts that memory saves
But help to count the household graves.

Then, homes and graves the heart divide,
As they divide the outer world:
But dearer days must yet betide,
Ere sorrow's wings be furled:

When more within the churchyard lie
Than sit and sadly smile at home,
Till home, unto the old man's eye,
Itself appears a tomb:—
And his tired spirit asks the grave
For all the home it longs to have!

It shall be so,—it shall be so!
Go, bravely trusting—trusting on;
Bear up a few short years—and, lo!
The grave and home are one:—
And then, the bright ones gone before,
Within another, happier home,
Are waiting, fonder than before,
Until the old man come:—
A home where but the life-trees wave;
Like childhood's—'t hath not a grave!

There are ten engarments, of moderate interest and merit.

MISS STRICKLAND'S LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

FROM the life of Katherine we quote a few passages. In her honeymoon, spent amid sieges, battles, and carnage, we are told:—

"After the tragedy of Montreuil, the united courts removed to Corbeil, where Queen Katherine was joined by her sister-in-law, Margaret, duchess of Clarence, and many noble ladies, who had come from England to pay their duty to the bride of King Henry. She was with her mother and King Charles at the camp before Melun. 'But, indeed,' says Monstrelet, 'it was a sorry sight to see the King of France bereft of all his usual state and pomp. They resided, with many ladies and damsels, about a month, in a house King Henry had had built for them near his tents, and at a distance from the town, that the roar of the cannon might not startle King Charles. Every day at sunrise,' continues the Burgundian, 'and at nightfall ten clarions, and divers other instruments, were ordered by King Henry to play for an hour most melodiously be-

fore the door of the King of France.' The malady of the unhappy father of Katherine was soothed by music. This was evidently the military band of Henry V., the first which is distinctly mentioned in chronicles. Henry was himself a performer on the harp from an early age. He likewise was a composer, delighting in church harmony, which he used to practise on the organ. That he found similar tastes in his royal bride is evident from an item in the *Issue Rolls*, whereby it appears he sent to England for new harps for Katherine and himself, in the October succeeding his wedlock. 'By the hands of William Menston was paid 8*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* for two new harps, purchased for King Henry and Queen Katherine.' If the reader is anxious to know who was the best harp-maker in London at this period, complete satisfaction can be given; for a previous document mentions another harp sent to Henry in France, 'purchased of John Bore, harp-maker, London; together with several dozen harpichords and a harpcase.'

The death of her valiant husband is thus related:—

"In the castle of Vincennes, near Paris, which has so often been the theatre of the destinies of France, Katherine and her mother attended the last hours of Henry V. He made a very penitential end, but was so little conscious of his blood-guiltiness, that when his confessor was reading the seven psalms in the service for the dying, he stopped him when he came to the verse, 'Build thou the walls of Jerusalem,' with an earnest protestation, 'That when he had completed his conquests in Europe, he always intended to undertake a crusade.' When he had arranged his affairs, he asked his physicians, 'how long he had to live?' One of them replied on his knees, 'That without a miracle he could not survive two hours at the most.' 'Comfort my dear wife,' he said to the Duke of Bedford, 'the most afflicted creature living.' In a will he made on his death-bed, he leaves Katherine a gold sceptre. Henry expired on the 31st of August, 1422. Henry was a learned prince, but he had the bad habit of borrowing books and never returning them. After his death a petition was sent to the regency by the Lady Westmorland, his relative, praying that her 'Chronicles of Jerusalem,' and the 'Expedition of Godfrey of Boulogne,' borrowed of her by the late king, might be returned. The Prior of Christchurch, likewise, sent in a most pitiful complaint, that he had lent to his dear lord King Henry the works of St. Gregory, who had never restored them to him their rightful owner."

The interruption here recorded, touching the crusade to restore Jerusalem, was no death-bed or momentary thought. Henry seriously entertained, during the most anxious and busy periods of his life, and, as appears from a paper in the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature," actually sent out an expedition to survey the coast of Syria, that he might choose the best part for landing with his forces.

Miss Strickland throws considerable doubts on the marriage between Katherine and Owen Tudor: but before we quote a portion of her argument, we may just take a passing notice of her baby boy, the infant Henry VI., whom she would have born at Windsor, in spite of all the prophecies of mishap to be attendant thereon, and the express prohibition of her husband on his departure for the French war.* In such matters women will run counter to the best ad-

* The hero of Agincourt was certainly as deeply tainted with superstition, and as much under priestly influence, as any iron-clad warrior of his age.—*Ed. L.G.*

vice, and hence, ill condition or ill luck to their children, as was the case with the unfortunate Henry, unpropitiously of Windsor:—

"Our warlike barons were not a little embarrassed by the mutations of this world, which had snatched from them a leader of singular energies both as monarch and warrior, and, placing a little babe at their head, made them directors of a nursery. The chivalric Earl of Warwick had the guardianship of the king's person at a very early age,—a fact illustrated by a beautiful contemporary drawing in the pictorial history of the earl. He is represented holding the king, a most lovely infant of fourteen months old, in his arms, while he is shewing him to the peers in parliament. One of the lords is presenting the infant monarch with the orb. The royal babe is curiously surveying it, and, with an arch look, gently placing one dimpled hand upon the symbol of sovereignty, seems doubtful whether it is to be treated with reverence, or chucked, like a common ball, into the midst of the august assembly. Another representation of the Earl of Warwick gives us an idea of the costume of royal infants in the middle ages; for the limners of that age drew what they saw worn, and invented nothing. Warwick is delineated in the *Rous Roll*, holding his royal charge on his arm: the babe is about eighteen months old; he is attired in a little crimson velvet gown, and has on his head a velvet cap turned up with a miniature crown; moreover, he holds a toy sceptre in his baby hand, which he looks much inclined to whisk about the head of the stout earl, who is so amiably performing the office of a nursery-maid. It is to be presumed that the earl carried the little king on all state occasions; while his governess, Dame Alice Boteler, and his nurse, Joan Astley, had possession of him in his hours of retirement. In a very naively worded document, the privy council, writing as if the king were giving his directions to his governess himself, requests Dame Alice 'from time to time reasonably to chastise us, as the case may require, without being held accountable or molested for the same at any future time. The well-beloved Dame Alice, being a very wise and expert person, is to teach courtesy, and nurture (good manners), and many things convenient for our royal person to learn.' After these arrangements were effected, Katherine the Fair retires behind a cloud so mysterious, that for thirteen years of her life we have no public document which tells of her actions, and the biographer is forced to wander in search of particulars into the pleasant but uncertain regions of tradition and private anecdote."

* From another passage in Miss Strickland's volume, she does not seem to have very clear or matronly ideas on the subject of child-bearing; for she says in the life of Richard's queen Anne, when telling of the birth of the Duchess of Clarence's first child, when she fled with her husband and father from the defeat of Edgemoor:—

"On the voyage they encountered the young Earl of Rivers, with the Yorkist fleet, who gave their ships battle, and took it excepting the vessel containing the Neville family. While this ship was flying from the victorious enemy, a dreadful tempest arose, and the ladies on board were afflicted at once with terror of wreck and the oppression of sea-sickness. To add to their troubles, the Duchess of Clarence was taken in labour with her first child. In the midst of this accumulation of disasters, the tempest-tossed bark made the offing of Calais; but in spite of the distress on board, Vaudeville, whom Warwick had left as his lieutenant, held out the town against him, and would not permit the ladies to land; he, however, sent two flagons of wine on board for the Duchess of Clarence, with a private message, assuring Warwick that the refusal arose from the townspeople, and advising him to make some other port in France. The Duchess of Clarence soon after gave birth on board ship, to the babe who had chosen so inappropriate a time for his entrance into a troublesome world; and the whole family landed safely at Dieppe, the beginning of May 1470."

Into these our author plunges, and, as we have remarked, is very dubious as to the precise nature of the connexion between the widowed queen and Owen Tudor. One thing is very evident, that their descendant, Henry VII., had every reason and every disposition to falsify and destroy any evidence against them, as it must have proved his illegitimacy. Katherine died at the age of thirty-five, just after the birth of a daughter, who lived but a few days, the children to whom she had previously given birth in secret being taken from her by the order of the council; and, "while languishing between life and death, Katherine made her will in terms which fully denote the deep depression of her spirits:—"The last will of Queen Katherine made unto our sovereign lord, her son, upon her departing out of this world. Right high and mighty prince, and my full doubted lord, and full entirely beloved son, in due humble wise, with full hearty natural blessing I commend me to your highness. To the which please to be certified, that before the silent and fearful conclusion of this long grievous malady, in the which I have been long, and yet am, troubled and vexed by the visitation of God (to whom be thanking and laud in all his gifts!), I purpose, by the grace of God, and under your succour, protection, and comfort (in whom only, among all other earthly, stands all my trust), to ordain and dispose of my testament both for my soul and my body. And I trust fully, and am right sure, that, among all creatures earthly, ye best may and will best tender and favour my will in ordaining for my soul and body, in seeing that my debts be paid and my servants guerdoned, and in tender and favourable fulfilling of mine intent. Wherefore, tenderly I beseech you at the reverence of God, and upon my full hearty blessing, that to my perpetual comfort and health of soul and body, of your abundant and special grace (in full remedy of all means that in any wise may ammentise or deface the effect of my last purpose and intent), grant at my humble prayer and request to be my executor; and to depute and assign such persons to be under you of your servants, or of mine, or of both, as it shall like you to chuse them, which I remit fully to your disposition and election. Beseeching you, also, at the reverence of our Lord God, and the full entire blessing of me your mother, that this done, ye tenderly and benignly grant my supplication and request contained particularly in the articles ensuing. And if tender audience and favourable assent shall be given by so benign and merciful a lord and son to such a mother, being in (at) so piteous point of so grievous a malady, I remit to your full, high, wise, and noble discretion, and to the conscience of every creature that knoweth the laws of God and of nature; and if the mother should have more favour than a strange person, I remit (refer or appeal) to the same." From the perusal of this solemn exhortation, a conclusion would naturally be drawn, that it was the preface to the earnest request of Katherine for mercy to her husband, and nurture for her motherless infants. Yet the articles or items which follow contain not the slightest allusion to them. All her anxiety seems to be centred, firstly, in the payment of her creditors, without which she seems convinced that her soul will never get free; secondly, in obtaining many prayers and masses for her soul; and, thirdly, in payments being made and rewards being given to her servants. If Katherine, by this mysterious document, really made any provision for her helpless family, it is all comprised in the dark

hints to her son of acting 'according to his noble discretion and her interest;' which intention, perhaps, had been confided to the young king in some interview previous to her imprisonment. There is no enumeration of property in the items that follow, excepting the portion of income due at the day of her departing. She declares that her soul 'shall pass as naked, as desolate, and as willing to be scourged, as the poorest soul God ever formed.' This piteous exhortation to her son is written, or dictated, a few hours before her death, yet, even at her last gasp, she evidently dared not break regal etiquette so far as to name to her son her plebeian lord or her young children. Whilst this pathetic document was in course of preparation, the dying queen received a token of remembrance from her son, King Henry, on new year's day, consisting of a tablet of gold, weighing thirteen ounces, on which was a crucifix set with pearls and sapphires; it was bought of John Pattesby, goldsmith, and was sent to Katherine at Bermondsey. To use the poor queen's own pathetic words, 'the silent and fearful conclusion of her long, grievous malady,' took place on the 3d of January, 1437. When the news was brought to the young sovereign of his mother's death, he was on his throne presiding in parliament. Power was given to the poor queen's two persecutors, the Cardinal of Winchester, and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, to perform the office of executors. Katherine was buried with all the pomp usual to her high station. On the 18th of February, 1437, her body was removed to the church of her patroness, St. Katherine by the Tower, where it lay in state; it then rested at St. Paul's, and was finally honourably buried in Our Lady's Chapel at Westminster Abbey. Henry VI. piously erected an altar-tomb to her memory, on which was engraved the following epitaph, preserved in the pages of William of Worcester:—

'From this world, adverse death has reft queen Katherine!
Noble was her soul whose clay this tomb encloses.
From the French king derived. Wife and mother
To our Henries Fifth and Sixth;—as maid and widow,
A perfect flower of modesty esteemed.
Here, happy England, brought she forth thy king!
Now reigning; without whose birth brief had been the joy
Of this delightful realm; a pleasant land which teems
With people kind—true followers of the faith:
Blessed both by heaven and earth the realm appears;
What earth brings forth heaven worthily endows.
In the fourteen hundred thirty-seventh year
This queen's life ended; beyond the starry sphere
Her soul received, for aye reigns blissfully.'

This original epitaph has hitherto escaped all modern historians; but it is very probable that its assertion that Katherine died a widow, and not a wife, led to the demolition of the tomb under the reign of her grandson.

The life of Margaret of Anjou is the longest in the volume, and very carefully and spiritedly written; for, be it known, Miss Strickland is a stout Lancastrian. But what are the politics and struggles of those days to us?—nothing: and so we conclude with an extract from the history of Elizabeth Woodville, the queen of the gallant and luxurious Edward IV. Whilst yet a maid of honour to Queen Margaret, "she captured the heart of a brave knight, Sir Hugh Johnes, a great favourite of Richard, duke of York. Sir Hugh had nothing in the world wherewithal to endow the fair Woodville, but a sword whose temper had been proved in many a battle in France; he was, moreover, a timid wooer, and very impolitically deputed others to make to the beautiful maid of honour the declaration of love which he wanted courage to speak himself. Richard, duke of York, was protector of England when

he thus, in regal style,* recommended his landless vassal to the love of her who was one day to share the diadem of his heir:—

"To Dame Elizabeth Woodville.

"Right trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well,—For as much as we are credibly informed that our right hearty and well-beloved knight, Sir Hugh John, for the great womanhood and gentleness approved and known in your person,—ye being sole (single) and to be married—his heart wholly have; wherewith we are right well pleased. How it be of your disposition towards him in that behalf, as yet is to us unknown. We, therefore, as for the faith true and good lordship we owe unto him at this time (and so will continue), we desire and heartily pray ye will on your part be to him well willed to the performing of this our writing and his desire. Wherein ye shall do not only to our pleasure, but we doubt not to your own great weal and worship in time to come; certifying, that if ye fulfil our intent in this matter, we will and shall be to him and you such lord as shall be to both your great weal and worship, by the grace of God, who precede and guide you in all heavenly felicity and welfare.

"Written by RICHARD, duke of York.'

Even if Elizabeth's heart had responded to this earnest appeal of her lover's princely master, yet she was too slenderly gifted by fortune to venture on a mere love-match. She probably demurred on this point, and avoided returning a decisive answer, for her delay elicited a second letter on the subject of Sir Hugh's great love and affection. This time it was from the pen of the famous Richard Neville, earl of Warwick. This letter is not written as if by a stranger to a stranger, though, at the same time, by his promises of 'good lordship' (patronage) to Elizabeth and her lover, it is very evident he considers himself as the superior of both.

"To Dame Elizabeth Woodville.

"Worshipful and well-beloved,—I greet you well, and for as much my right well-beloved Sir Hugh John, knight (which now late was with you unto his full great joy and had great cheer, as he saith, whereof I thank you), hath informed me how that he hath for the great love and affection that he hath unto your person, as well for the great sadness (seriousness) and wisdom that he hath found and proved in you at that time, as for your great and praised beauty and womanly demeaning, he desireth with all haste to do you worship by way of marriage, before any other creature living, as he saith. I (considering his said desire, and the great worship that he had which was made knight at Jerusalem, and after his coming home, for the great wisdom and manhood that he was renowned of, was made knight-marshal of France, and, after, knight-marshal of England unto his great worship; with other his great and many virtues and desert, and also the good and notable service that he hath done and daily doth to me,) write unto you at this time, and pray you effectuously that ye will the rather (at this my request and prayer) to condescend and apply you unto his said lawful and honest desire, wherein ye shall not only purvey (provide) right notably for yourself unto your weal and worship (profit and honour) in time to come, as I hereby trust, but also cause me to shew unto you such good lordship (patronage)

* Bib. Reg. 17, b. xlviii. fol. 164, vol. 165, &c. This and the following letters, which are not yet named in the catalogue of the British Museum, were discovered by the indefatigable research of Mr. Halliwell, and with great liberality communicated to the author. Their biographical value every one will perceive."

as ye, by reason of it, shall hold you content and pleased, with the grace of God; which everlastingly have you in his bliss, protection, and governance.

“Written by the EARL OF WARWICK.”

No one can read this epistle without the conviction that the great Earl of Warwick had some ambition to become a match-maker as well as a king-maker. Nevertheless, Sir Hugh met with the usual fate of a lover who has not the spirit to speak for himself, and deposes his wooing to the agency of friends—he was rejected by the fair Elizabeth. He married a nameless damsel, and in course of time died possessor of a single manor. A far different destiny was reserved for the lady of his love. In the absence of dates there is much internal evidence which proves the foregoing letters to have been written after the year 1451, for Sir Hugh Johnes was evidently serving in France till that year. Elizabeth must have been twenty-one in 1452; she was then, as Richard of York says, ‘sole and to be married;’ that is, she was single and disengaged. And this time proved a remarkable crisis of her life, when in her maiden beauty she was eagerly wooed by the vowed partisans of the ‘pale and of the purple rose.’ Some worldly considerations, besides her duty to her royal mistress, Queen Margaret, seem to have led Elizabeth to reject the Yorkist partisan, Sir Hugh Johnes, and accept the hand of the heir of the illustrious and wealthy lordship of Ferrers of Groby, a cavalier firmly attached to the house of Lancaster.”

She was his widow when she caught the heart of Edward, and the rest of her chequered life is well known.

In conclusion, Miss Strickland has so well acquitted herself that we look with assured anticipations of instruction and pleasure to the sequel of her very justly popular design.

BUNN'S STAGE.

[Concluding notice.]

THE Queen's visit to Van Amburgh and his beasts is a royal scene, both human and lionly, too cleverly described to be omitted:—

“Immediately on the queen's return from Brighton, her majesty honoured Drury Lane Theatre with her presence: this was on January 10. On the following Thursday, January 17, a similar mark of honour was conferred on this establishment; and on the ensuing Thursday, January 24, the same flattering distinction was shewn. On this latter evening, pursuant to arrangements which had been made for the purpose, our gracious mistress condescended to cross the stage of the theatre for the purpose of seeing the animals, in their more excited and savage state, during the operation of feeding them. It is almost unnecessary to observe that this gratifying scene took place after the departure of the audience, and that every possible caution was adopted for the comparative comfort and seclusion of the royal visitor, which the resources of the theatre permitted, such as enclosing the entrances with crimson draperies, and carpeting the stairs; not merely to shut out the draught of the night air, but to exclude the prying gaze of the many stragglers who remained behind, in hopes of bearing testimony to so unprecedented a compliment paid to the theatre. The animals had been kept purposely without food for six-and-thirty hours, strong symptoms of which had become manifest during Mr. Van Amburgh's performance, by the lion and the panther having simultaneously attacked the lamb on its being placed in their den; and they would have evi-

dently made but a mouthful apiece of it, had not their almost superhuman master literally lashed them into the most abject and crouching submission. The first portion of food thrown amongst them, seized by the lion as a matter of priority, was enough to convince any sceptic of the fearful savageness of their nature, when out of the control of the one hand whose authority they acknowledged. The rolling of the tiger's eye, while he was devouring the massive lump of meat and bone, clutched between his fore paws, seemed to possess the brilliancy as well as the rapidity of lightning; and was only diverted by a tremendous and sudden spring of the lion, who, having demolished his own portion, seized upon what was left of his ferocious neighbour's fare. The dash against the sides of the den sounded like the felling of huge trees, and was enough by its force and fury to shake the strongest nerves; but it was a positive fact, that while the boldest of the hearts in the royal suite speedily retreated at this unexpected plunge of the forest monarch, the youthful queen never moved either face or foot, but with look undiverted, and still more deeply riveted, continued to gaze on the novel and moving spectacle. Her majesty's inquiries were not those of a youthful mind, merely intent upon ordinary and unmeaning questions, but bespoke a scrutiny of mind little to be expected in one of such tender years. It was not to be expected that a circumstance, so altogether without precedent, as the ruler of this vast realm condescending to pay a personal visit to the stage itself, could escape the observations of those malicious partisans, the sole object of whose life is to carp and cavil at the actions of their equals, and who naturally lie in ambush for an opportunity of attacking their superiors; and the more exalted in rank, the better for the purposes of such people. This visit of their sovereign,—this unbending from the cares of state, and indulging in the recreations most suitable to the earlier years of life, when the mind is thirsting for every kind of information, and naturally preferring to mingle the *utile et dulce*, this harmless entertainment was to be questioned, because the queen was in the case, while every one of her subjects was at full liberty to enjoy it. Pretty sophistry this! because destiny has placed a crown upon your brow, that you are to be debarred from every pursuit of pleasure in which people with not a crown in their pockets are bent upon participating! It is a wonder such logicians admit the propriety of their sovereign even walking or talking, or, except as a mark of especial favour, partaking of any repast beyond ‘the camelion's dish;’ and, deeming royalty to be a mere state cipher, that they do not require its members to be kept under glass globes, or wrapped up in silver paper. To my way of thinking and feeling, a more beautiful or truly interesting sight could not be devised, than to behold this young and lovely creature emerging from the trammels of state which must of necessity confine her so much, and seeking relief in those diversions which instruct and amuse at the same time; and none but a fool will withhold the award of both these qualifications from Mr. Van Amburgh's surpassing exhibition.”

What a pity Mr. Bunn is not a Cabinet minister at least, if not Prime! The following account of an *imperium in imperio* in theatrical affairs may be a novelty to most readers:—

“It is not unknown (says Mr. Bunn, on whose truth the account rests) to the public generally, but especially to persons of *ton*, that several fashionable librarians at the west end

of the metropolis are extensive speculators in theatres. The principal parties are Messrs. Andrews, Sams, Mitchell, Ebers, and Hookham. The three first are large dealers, the two first the largest, and considered to be the wealthiest and most important. This may appear very strange to the uninitiated, who may not be able to understand what one man can have to do with another man's business, and, above all, with such an exclusive kind of business as all theatrical business must be; but they may depend upon it there is barely one of the gentlemen herein named, who would not rather give up the proceeds of his own calling, than resign all connexion with mine. There is a class of people in this town (as elicited in the recited conversation of a lady of rank with Charles Kean) who affect not to know where a theatre is, unless they obtain their information ‘at the library;’ and having obtained it, would not even drive, much less walk, there, although it should be considerably nearer their own houses than the said library. There are more reasons than one for this assumed affectation; but the principal reason after all is, that if they take their boxes at the office of the theatres, they must exhibit their purses; but if they go to Bond Street, or to the corner of St. James's Street, their names get into the books of the manager and the librarian at the same time. CREDIT, credit is the great consideration with this part of the community. Putting your hand in your own ‘till’ is with them a serious matter; but putting it in the till of other people is not of the slightest consequence; and there are few of this genus who would not much rather promise to pay a librarian five or six guineas for a box, than actually pay a manager half that sum for one. With some of them the said amount—whole or half, no matter—is vital during the season, for all the necessary amusements of town; and at the end of the season they make a point of bolting out of it: with others, fashion, carelessness, habitude, convenience, all combine to make it more agreeable to put their hands in their pockets but once a-year, and then they do not at all object to pay pretty good interest for so doing. There is a particular set (pretty well known to the librarians by this time, or they ought to be), who, not at all objecting to a *feetle* bit of fleecing, think it may be as well done occasionally with an opera-box as with a dice-box, there being plenty of ‘play’ in both. To supply, therefore, the wants and wishes, to consult the laziness and the lounging, and now and then, the depravity of the *beau monde*, these gentlemen have become the principal managers of the principal London theatres. Nor is it by the accommodation they render to the world of fashion alone that their state has become so important; it is by the assistance they have rendered, and at all times do render, the manager, as well as his patrons, that they have ‘grown so great.’ Their vast speculations in the Opera House are almost as well known as the Opera House itself; and they are, comparatively speaking, as extensive dealers in the property of minor establishments. The immense sums vested by them annually in Her Majesty's Theatre have become so public, through the notoriety of Messrs. Chambers' affairs, that no indelicacy whatever could be charged against me were I to enter upon the subject, and to allege that the funds and securities of some two or three of the librarians herein cited have been the sole means of there being latterly an Italian Opera in London. * * *

reader will be inquiring, probably, what all this has to do with the 7th March, 1839: he shall know. Messrs. Andrews and Sams having been some time at variance upon points of business (upon which I have nothing, and wish to have nothing to advance), perceived at last, like very prudent men, that their hostility was prejudicial to their respective interests, and extremely beneficial to the interests of other people. It was, therefore, suggested by many well-wishers of both, that a reconciliation should be effected between them, which was accordingly done; and, with the view of completing a matter so auspiciously begun, Mr. Sams invited the principal librarians and the principal managers they dealt with (Laporte and myself), to a dinner on the day in question. I have long been intimate with both these gentlemen—with Mr. Andrews probably most so; and while in Mr. Sams I have invariably found good faith in dealing, and good fellowship out of it, I need scarcely add that the name of Mr. Andrews is a passport wherever liberality in business, and all the distinguishing qualities of human nature, are to be found. It was gratifying to me, therefore, to assist at so agreeable a ceremony as the reunion of (what Mr. Lover has written so delightfully, and Michael Blood warbles so delightfully)—

‘Hearts that had been long estranged,
And friends that had grown cold!’

We sat down to the dinner-table, at one end of which was Mr. Sams, and at the other Mr. Andrews, and between them were to be found what the ‘Morning Post’ calls ‘all the delicacies of the season’: while it was pleasant to see the attention paid by each to those they were surrounded by, it was still pleasanter to see the marked attentions they paid each other. *Mister Andrews* and *Mister Sams*, emphasised with an extra degree of ‘French polish,’ resounded through the room with the demolition of every mouthful; but while all this denoted the display and the acceptance of hospitality, it seemed to me to be mixed up with a prodigious quantity of reserve, to which the following exquisite passage may be well applied:—

Brutus. How he received you, let me be resolved.
Lucilius. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances
As he hath used of old!
Brutus. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever so, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony!’

Such seemed to me to be the case on the present occasion, and however one might regret any difference, or rejoice at any arrangement of it, one could not help an inward titter at the *modus operandi*. At a moment when it was palpable that outward form and inward feeling were still a little at variance, the following view of the case was taken in short-hand by a party present on the occasion:—

Reconciliation Dinner,

Given by Mr. Sams to Mr. Andrews, March 7, 1839.

‘*Mr. Sams.* Mister Andrews, I can strongly Recommend this carrot soup!’
Mr. Andrews. ‘Pins’ of late have gone so wrongly, I fear appetite will drop.’
Mr. Andrews. But, Mister Sams, permit me—These smelts, sir, are not bad!’
Mr. Sams. To a tittle you have hit me, If some turbot you will add.
Mr. Sams. Mister Andrews, try the mutton,
Why, to kill it was a grief!’
Mr. Andrews. If for once would turn a glutton,
Had it been a round of beef!’
Mr. Andrews. But Mister, Sams, allow me,
Do try this nice rag-out!’
Mr. Sams. (Aside.) The fellow thinks to cow me—
Well, I don’t care if I do!’
Mr. Sams. Mister Andrews, now suppose we
Mar no more each other’s wealth!’
Mr. Andrews. And, Mister Sams, propose we
Each other’s better health!’

Mr. Sams. Mister Andrews, here’s to you, sir!
(Then aside.) It has gone off pretty well:
Mr. Andrews. Mister Sams, let none abuse, sir—
(Then aside.) Mister Sams may go to h—ll.”

This will afford a taste of Mr. Bunn’s poetical talent, which an epistle in verse of some dozen stanzas (pages 215, &c.) and other little pieces, shew to be, on occasion, ready and playful enough. These, and many slight points in the prose, evince a fund of good-humour at the bottom of his disappointments and resentments; and begets a sort of liking, notwithstanding the ruffling, rattling, unprincipled impudence of the rest. The vulgarity of printing his oaths, just as if he were in conversation with some of his fashionable friends and patrons, is an instance of want of taste which we could not have expected from a person so hand-and-glove with belted knights, dukes, lords, “and a’ that.” Still as every one must be interested in the hero of a three-volume book (and we should not wonder to see three more), we must not close without a final glimpse at him reflected from his own glass:—

“The mere question of self (says he, aware of the anxiety that must be felt about him) is very easily disposed of—if it depended merely upon self; for my ambition would have been just as well satisfied, and my pocket much more satisfied, had I remained, as I intend *pro futuro* to remain, a paid, and not a paying, manager. [A very bad one he was.] I should then have avoided all the cares, all the obloquy, all the indignities, all the privations, all the misrepresentations, and all the mortifications, which wait upon power, be it wielded never so considerably. I should have avoided the inevitable consequence to any manager of the patent theatres—who has neither ingots nor acres to melt—of being dragged, however full of honesty and good intention, before a legal tribunal for public examination, where, however flattering and triumphant may be the scrutiny into character, the feelings of humiliation and degradation (temporary though they be), are barely durable, and only become so by the consciousness of rectitude, and a determination of purpose to appear that you are what you would seem. Being one of moderate desires, I should have amassed by this time as much as would have gone a considerable way towards the comforts of advancing years, which so many by my exertions have, during the period of their being made, actually done; and thus have had, what every man is entitled to, the emoluments arising from his own labour. The duties of management came upon me by desire, by advantage, by study, by travel, by fate if you will, but the responsibilities of it by circumstance. To fulfil the promise made to my predecessor, and to maintain the position in which I then stood before the public, was that circumstance: and when those responsibilities were once upon my shoulders, I had to make every exertion which industry, ingenuity, or expediency, could devise, where I had no other backers but them to assist me. When once involved in an enterprise of this nature, there is a prospect, always believed to be within your reach, which induces you to persevere; and the excitements of a theatrical life, while they are the most delusive, are, at the same time, the most alluring imaginable. Had I possessed those beneficial means which should be at the disposal of a manager of such enormous buildings, that prospect might yet have been realised; but the first grand consideration, without which all others are unavailing, was wanting—capital!”

Well! industry, honesty, integrity, good

manners, joined with oblivion of the past, may yet do much. Try.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Book of Family Crests. 2 vols. 12mo. 1840. London, Washbourne; Edinburgh, Fraser and Crawford; Dublin, Machen and Co.

This is the second edition of a most useful book of reference, and is in many respects greatly improved. Some crests have been added, as well as a dictionary of the mottoes; and the volume containing the plates having been bound with the India-rubber back, may be opened perfectly flat at any particular page. This is a great advantage, and one which will undoubtedly be made serviceable to all works of this kind, where the plates are very numerous.

The Naturalist’s Library: Entomology. Vol. I. 1840. Edinburgh, Lizars; London, Higley.

The new volume of Sir W. Jardine’s *Naturalist’s Library* contains an ‘Introduction to Entomology’ by Mr. J. Duncan, in addition to memoirs of Swammerdam and De Geer, and is beautifully embellished with thirty-seven coloured plates.

Usborne’s Guide to Egypt and the Levant.

London, 1840. Cradock and Co.

WHEN our differences respecting the Pacha are arranged, as doubtless they speedily will be, hundreds will avail themselves of the more rapid transit to India overland; and to these travellers this little volume will be an invaluable companion.

The Principles of Botany: Structural, Functional, and Systematic: Condensed and immediately Adapted to the Students of Medicine. By W. H. Willshire, M.D. Edin. Pp. 232. (London, Higley.)—A very concise, clear, and excellent volume; quite sufficient for the purpose indicated on the title-page.

Memoranda of the Contest in Spain. By Sir De Lacy Evans, M.P. 8vo. pp. 154. (London, Ridgway.) Spain under Charles II.; or, Extracts from the Correspondence of the Hon. Alexander Stanhope, British Minister at Madrid, 1690-99. From the Originals at Cheltenham. 8vo. pp. 173. (London, Murray.)—The last of these publications shews the misrule and corruption which, a century and a half ago, paved the way for the decline and desolation to which the first of them bears testimony in our own day. The two together are well worth the perusal and study of those who desire to be acquainted with Spanish history.

A Practical Discourse of Religious Assemblies. By Dr. Sherlock. Pp. 293. (London, Burns.)—A new and excellent edition of Dr. Sherlock’s admired and valuable work on public worship, edited by the Rev. Henry Melvill, and with a preface worthy of his clerical reputation. *Guide to Madeira.* By W. W. Cooper. Pp. 116. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—A nice little book for the visitors to this salutary lake: where they will see some beautiful scenery, and may drink some excellent wine.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOLOGY.

THE most memorable matter elicited by the late meeting of the British Association at Glasgow is the new geological theory respecting the agency of ice in the formation of the upper crust of the earth we now inhabit, by M. Agassiz. His paper on the subject was the only business brought forward at the first meeting for the season of the Geological Society of London, on Wednesday* last; and it is likely to occupy their attention, not merely at the next meeting, but often thereafter. As the Reports of the proceedings will, however, be given as usual in our columns, we, at present, wish merely to state a few particulars of interest to the inquiry, and not alluded to on this occasion.

* The meeting was fully attended, and the company included many persons of rank, members of parliament, and men of learning and eminence in every profession and branch of science, as well as nearly all the leading geologists of the day.—Ed. L. G.

After hearing M. Agassiz's account of the strong confirmation his opinions had received by examining Ben Nevis, the parallel roads of Glenroy, &c. as mentioned in a previous *Lit. Gaz.* (see No. 1239), we had a future opportunity of knowing that equally strong, if not stronger, corroboration of their truth had been derived from the hills in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, as well as in the north of Ireland, where all the traces on which M. Agassiz relies for the proof of his theory are legibly and indelibly impressed. Near Edinburgh, the Calton Hill, the Corstorphin Hills, and Blackmore Hill (by the Pentlands), were inspected by this distinguished individual, accompanied by one of the highest authorities of the age in geology and natural history (Professor Jameson), and other able northern philosophers. Professor Jameson guided M. Agassiz to sites remarkable in the pursuits of geological information; places to which he had for years directed the attention of his collegiate classes, and some of which had been pointed out as most deserving of investigation by Sir James Hall and others. The result was, that M. Agassiz, in all these places, clearly shewed the presence of the striated lines, furrows, &c. &c. which attended the movements of the glaciers of Switzerland, and demonstrate that an immense extent of the Arctic and temperate circles lay long under the dominion of ice before the last great change was effected in their condition, and they became the earth, such as it is, on which we exist at the present hour. The phenomena could not be explained by any other means; either by the agency of atmosphere, or water, or fire, or by all combined. As the *moraines* are embanked deposits round the icy glacier, so are these marks on rocks the effects of their passage over them. In the three instances we have specified, they are all of igneous formation—trap; the Corstorphin being clink, and the Calton, porphyry. Yet each bears the same appearance, and give like testimony to the one cause by which these appearances could be produced. The sensation created by this discovery (and by further proofs in the north of England) is very great; and we may safely predict that no future views in geology will ever be taken without the agency of ice making a much more important figure than it has hitherto done in accounting for the condition of our globe's external surface.

We may notice (from "Jameson's Philosophical Magazine") that M. Lenoir has found the same indications in the Vosges; and that we understand it is M. Agassiz's belief that the traces of the world's having been covered with ice may be demonstrated from the north pole as far as Mount Lebanon, and all parallel latitudes!!

Fossil Remains.—Whilst in Edinburgh, M. Agassiz had an opportunity of examining the fossil remains in the College Museum (which, as well as the rocks to which we have referred, we also followed him in seeing, and can therefore vouch for our facts), and at once put his hand upon two entirely new genera and eight species of the *Pterichthys*, or winged fish. Unlike the specimen exhibited at Glasgow, which resembled a butterfly, these are like beetles, with the wings of the flying-fish. The one genus is broader than the other: the length of each, between two and three inches. Here we have a most interesting addition to the *Fauna* of an elder world—the world before man was created; and as these wonderful resuscitations go on, we doubt not but that the *fifteen hundred extinct animals* already possessed by this indefatigable and enlightened geologist will soon be augmented to double that number.

Such are among the fruits of the British Association!

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. FORSTER in the chair.—This was the first meeting of the session 1840-41. A great number of donations made to the Society during the recess were announced. Amongst them were the Transactions of many scientific societies, and the conclusion of Rüppell's celebrated work on the vertebrated animals of Abyssinia. The conclusions of two splendid works, viz. Sibthorpe's "Flora Græca," and the "Flora Londinensis," purchased by the Society, were placed on the table.—Mr. W. Taylor exhibited samples of the oil obtained from the seeds of *Madia sativa*, and of the oil and other products of the common sunflower; these products in part are:—1. Hemp from the stalks—good for canvass bags, packthread, &c. 2. Paper made from the head after the expression of the seed. 3. Syrup for medicinal purposes. 4. A yellow dye from the petals and blossoms: this dye stands the test of acids and alkalis. 5. Oil cake—capital food for cattle. 6. Oil, which is superior to any other now in use, for lubricating machinery and for burning in lamps. 7. Potash. 8. Gum resin, or balsam, &c. &c.—Mr. Gould exhibited drawings of some of the animals, &c. found by him in New Holland.—Read, 'A Note on the Bokhara Clover, *Melilotus Ruthenica*,' by Mr. W. Taylor. The object of the paper was to give an account of the fibre as fodder, and as a substitute for hemp: the latter appears to be exceedingly tough and firm. Specimens were exhibited.—Read, also, a paper, being descriptions of several Indian insects, chiefly from Assam, hitherto undescribed, by the Rev. F. W. Hope. The paper was illustrated by beautiful drawings of the insects, executed by Mr. Westwood. Several new fellows were proposed.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

AUGUST 3, 1840. The Rev. F. W. Hope, F.R.S. President, in the chair.—Donations of numerous entomological works were announced from Professors Burmeister, Dahlborn, and other authors.—Various new and beautiful exotic species of insects were exhibited by the Rev. F. W. Hope and Mr. A. White, belonging to the rare genera *Chiasognathus*, *Trochodens*, *Labidus*, *Pelecynus*, &c. Mr. Westwood noticed a peculiarity in the economy of the small brown garden ant; vast numbers of the empty cocoons of which he had observed on the leaves of a nectarine tree, at a considerable height from the ground.—The memoirs read were, 1. 'On a New Species of *Dynastes*, and some other exotic *Coleoptera*,' by the President. 2. 'Observations on *Typhlopone*, a genus of Blind Ants,' by J. O. Westwood, F.L.S. 3. 'Remarks on the Vesicant Powers of two Indian Species of *Cantharide*,' by Alexander Burn, Esq. As these two species are exceedingly abundant, and as powerful stimulants as the common blister-fly, it was suggested that they might become a valuable article of commerce, which would render it unnecessary to resort to Spain for our supply of blister-flies.—Mr. Newport also stated, that he had ascertained by experiment that the common English *Meloe Proscarabæus* is highly diuretic.

September 7. Thomas Marshall, Esq. in the chair.—Various donations of entomological works from the Natural History Society of Boston, Professors Geuniar, T. H. Harris, and others, were announced, as well as a collection of New Holland insects from Mr. Bowerbank.—Mr. Smith exhibited specimens

of *Miscus campestris* and *Ammophila vulgaris*, which he was convinced were varieties of the same insect. Also, a new British species of *Nomada*, and other bees.—Mr. Walton also exhibited three new British species of *Magdalis*.

October 5.—J. Walton, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—Mr. Sells exhibited a series of specimens illustrating the natural history of various insects, especially that of *Chlorops pumilionis*; a small fly, the larva of which feeds in the stems of wheat, and which had done great damage by destroying many acres of rye near Kingston.—Various illustrations of the economy of other insects were exhibited by Messrs. Inghen, Westwood, and Smith.—Mr. Stephens mentioned a remarkable instance of the autumnal disease of flies, having observed hundreds of specimens of a particular species (*Cheilosia gracilis*) dead upon the blades of *Sesleria caerulea*.—Mr. Westwood exhibited drawings of the veins of the wings of several genera of British butterflies, which had afforded a satisfactory character for the determination of such genera, and read the commencement of a paper entitled 'Observations on the Linnean Species of *Staphylinidae*.'

PARIS LETTER.

Academy of Sciences, Nov. 3, 1840.

SITTING of October 26.—M. Cauchy brought up a report on a new steam-engine, and a new steamboat, invented by M. Jouffroy. The commissioners had witnessed experiments performed only on a small model six feet long, and therefore could not estimate the practical results of the invention on a larger scale. They, however, anticipated great economy, both of fuel and power, from it. Messrs. Arago, Biot, Thénard, and others, recommended that the experiments should be made on a large scale, and the report was ordered to be amended.—M. Isidore Geoffroy de St. Hilaire presented a work, in which he had collected several essays already published by him, as well as some new ones, on the distribution of animals over the surface of the globe.

The Academy proceeded to ballot for a corresponding member in the Section of Medicine and Surgery. The names proposed were those of M. Lallemand, of Montpellier; Sir Benjamin Brodie, of London; M. Guyon, of Algiers; and M. Dieffenbach, of Berlin. The choice of the Academy fell on the first of these candidates.

Sub-cutaneous Section of the Ocular Muscles.—A memoir was read by Professor Jules Guérin, 'On the Sub-cutaneous Section of the Muscles of the Eye for the Cure of Strabismus (squinting).' He stated that he had been desirous of avoiding the inflammation, suppuration, and other consequences of the external cutting, and had already operated successfully in two cases according to the method he proceeded to describe. The subject was placed in a horizontal position, and the head fixed. The eyelids having been separated, the globe of the eye was drawn forward, and a little to one side, by means of a proper instrument; and a small convex instrument, convex on its cutting edge, and doubly curved in the handle, was then introduced perpendicularly, at the internal or external corner of the eye, according to the muscle to be divided. The blade of the instrument having been allowed to penetrate to the whole of its depth, about fifteen millimetres, or a little more than half an inch, it was raised horizontally, by making it slide between the globe of the eye and the surface of the muscle. The convex cutting side of the instrument was

then presented to the surface of the muscle, and was made to divide it from within to without, or from the globe of the eye to the side of the orbit. The globe of the eye having been drawn forward and to one side, that is to say, in the direction of the muscle that is to be divided, produces tension of the latter, and facilitates the action of the cutting instrument. The division of the muscle is attended with a cracking noise, the feeling of a resistance overcome on the part of the patient, and a small movement of the globe of the eye in the direction of the traction. The instrument is then withdrawn by the small aperture through which it was made to enter, and no appearance of a scar remains. The section of the muscle is proved to have been effected by the rotation of the eye being much facilitated, and by the diminished motion of the eye in the direction which the divided muscle used to draw it into. The operation lasted in each of the cases specified by M. Guérin less than one minute.

M. Kuhn mentioned to the Academy that he had been making some interesting experiments on the contractibility of muscles by heat, as applied to cases of partial muscular distortion. He had, among other cases, produced strabism of the eye of a corpse by this method.

Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres.—Sitting of October 30. M. Hase presented a report upon an inscription lately discovered at Constantinople by Captain Cazzette of the Engineers, attached to the Scientific Commission for the exploration of Algeria. According to the explanations of the learned philologist, this inscription appears to be of the time of the Byzantine dominion in Africa.—M. Guérard communicated the impression of a coin discovered at Bordeaux, and supposed to be of the Merovingian kings. He observed that, if so, this would be the first instance of a Merovingian *triens* bearing the full face of a king, an arrangement which is on the contrary the ordinary one in all Visigothic coins. This gentleman also communicated a funeral inscription of a young female belonging to the Gaulish tribe of the *BITURIGES VIVISCI*, whose name is written in various ways by classic authors.—M. Letronne commenced an highly interesting paper 'On the Ancient Porphyry and Granite Quarries of Upper Egypt.' After rectifying several errors committed by Visconti in the explanation of passages of Pliny, Aristides, Eusebius, and Julius Capitolinus, relative to the real situation of these quarries, and to the mode of working them by convicts; the learned critic adverted to two Greek inscriptions copied in the Eastern Desert of Egypt, from temples of porphyry and red granite, built at Gebel Fateeh and Gebel Dokhan, by Epaphroditos Sigerianos, a freedman of the Emperor Adrian. These two inscriptions were discovered in 1823 by Messrs. Wilkinson and Burton, who proved that the Gebel Dokhan was anciently called the *Mons Claudianus*. M. Letronne pointed out several peculiarities of these inscriptions, as tending to resolve various difficulties in the deciphering of similar monumental records.

Southey's "Roderick" has been translated into Italian verse by Signor G. B. Martelli of Orta.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, October 29.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Civil Law.—H. K. Seymour, late Fellow of All Souls' College, Grand Compounder.
Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. C. Taylor, Brasenose College, Prebendary of Hereford Cathedral.

Bachelor in Civil Law, by Commutation.—R. C. Sewell, Fellow of Magdalen College.

Masters of Arts.—J. Simeon, Rev. R. J. F. Thomas, Christ Church; Rev. D. Roberts, Jesus College; Rev. G. H. Cotton, Worcester College; E. Gordon, Oriel College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. F. Reeve, Wadham College, Grand Compounder; L. H. Palmer, Christ Church; J. Bostock, Brasenose College; H. W. Guy, Exeter College; G. W. Garrow, J. Barber, W. Toms, Worcester College.

ECLECTIC SOCIETY.

At a meeting of this Society, held on Tuesday, Oct. 27th, C. E. Jenkins, Esq. V.P. in the chair, several new members were elected.—A letter was read from the Marquess of Normandy, conveying the Queen's gracious permission to bear her majesty's likeness, or effigy, on the obverse of the Society's medals.—Mr. Thomas Beale read his paper 'On the Propriety of forming a Committee for the Purpose of extending Medical Relief to the Inhabitants of the Polynesian Islands.' Mr. Beale depicted in glowing colours the pristine happiness of the amiable inhabitants of the South Seas,—the innocence and simplicity of their manners,—and, reversing the picture, shewed (the result of his personal observation) their present miserable and degraded state, and placed before the meeting the appalling fact that a proportion of these poor people, amounting in some instances to ninety-eight per cent of the whole population, were afflicted with diseases imparted to them by the vices of the Europeans; and for which diseases, *be it ever remembered*, unassisted nature knows no means of cure. Mr. B. appealed no less to the justice than to the charity of his auditors, to stand forth on behalf of those suffering nations, and provide a remedy for the afflictions which they have endured from European intercourse. He then proceeded to shew how this desirable object might be effected, viz. by the sending out a properly organised medical mission of scientific young men, which should, on the one hand, cure and teach the natives to cure their own diseases, and, on the other, under the direction of the various learned bodies, make such observations as would greatly enlarge our knowledge of that interesting portion of the globe, and also by collecting specimens in every branch of natural history, form a museum, which, by its value and exhibition, might materially lessen, if not entirely defray, the expense of the mission. It was resolved that a committee be formed, consisting of the Council of the Society, with such other members thereof as are of the medical profession, with power to add to their number; that Mr. Beale, from his practical knowledge of the subject, and the long and careful attention he has paid to it, be constituted the chairman of the said committee.—The meeting adjourned.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, 9 P.M.
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Society of Arts (Illustration), 7 P.M.; Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.
Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Guy's Hospital Medical Society, 8 P.M.

SKETCHES.

JEAN DE LAUNEVILLE.

In September 1831, an execution took place at Dijon, which was attended with the most horrible and appalling circumstances.

Jean de Launeville, the unfortunate wretch who had forfeited his life by the murder of a fellow-creature in the Revolution of 1830, was

quietly playing at *écarté* with a fellow-prisoner, when the door of their cell was opened, and presented to their view a couple of gendarmes, one of which informed De Launeville that he was to die in two hours. The announcement made him shudder from head to foot, because for the previous eight months he had been forgotten. This had made the unhappy man cease to think of the possibility of dying,—but he was now shaved—his hair cut close—he was handcuffed, and was consigned to the confessor. He was then committed to the care of four gendarmes, who conducted him to the fatal scaffold. When the procession had reached the place of execution, the executioner received the prisoner from the hands of the priest—he was bound to a plank—turned down to the horizontal position—and the axe fell! The ponderous triangle of iron moved with some opposition—fell sluggishly in its grooves upon the neck of the culprit, and only wounded without killing him. The wretched creature shrieked so hideously that it pierced the heart of every bystander. The executioner raised the axe again, and let it fall a second time, when it again refused to complete his deadly purpose. The convict's shrieks were more frightful, and the crowd became clamorous. The executioner drew up the hatchet again, but there was not any better result. The third incision caused a stream of blood to rush from the nape of the wretch's neck, but did not sever the head. The knife was drawn up, and suffered to fall five times; five wounds did the sufferer receive; five times did the condemned utter the most agonising cries, at the same time exclaiming "Mercy! mercy!" The multitude, exasperated at the sight of this hideous drama, began hurling stones at the executioner. The executioner leaped from the scaffold of the guillotine, and concealed himself beneath it, protected by the horses of the gendarmes. But here the frightful tragedy did not finish. The convict, discovering that he was left alone upon the scaffold, had risen from the plank; and there—a horrible sight!—with his head half severed, hanging over one shoulder dripping with gore, he implored the affrighted crowd to hasten to release him. The crowd, full of compassion, were upon the point of forcing their way through the ranks of the gendarmes to render assistance to the half-butchered convict; but at that moment one of the executioner's *employés*, a young man about twenty, mounted the scaffold, and told the sufferer to turn himself round while he untied him, and, taking advantage of the posture of the dying man, who yielded without discredit, jumped upon his back, and began to cut through with a butcher's knife all that remained of the convict's neck which the guillotine had left unaccomplished. E. W.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

[Last year, "The Expedition to Dudley by Water" supplied a light offset to the dryness of our report of the British Association Meeting at Birmingham; and we hope the following, by the same hand, may do as much for that of Glasgow.—Ed. L. G.]

THE DREDGING SONG.

By a Member of the Dredging Committee of Section D.

HURRAH for the dredge, with its iron edge,
And its mystical triangle,
And its hidden net with meshes set,
Odd fishes to entangle!
The ship may rove through the waves above,
Mid scenes exciting wonder;
But braver sights the dredge delights
As it rovethe waters under!

Chorus.

Then a dredging we will go, wise boys!
Then a dredging we will go!

Down in the deep, where the mermen sleep,
Our gallant dredge is sinking;
Each finny shape in a precious scrape
Will find itself in a twinkling!
They may twirl and twist, and writhe as they wist,
And break themselves into Sections;
But up they all, at the dredge's call,
Must come to fill collections!
Then a dredging we will go, wise boys!
Then a dredging we will go!

The creatures strange the sea that range,
Though mighty in their stations,
To the dredge must yield the briny field
Of their loves and depredations;
The crab so bold, like a knight of old,
In scaly armour plated;
And the slimy snail with a shell on his tail,
And the star-fish radiated!
Then a dredging we will go, wise boys!
Then a dredging we will go!

Were I a fish (though I've no wish
For a tail—the more's the pity!)
I'd anatomise the prying eyes
Of that terrible Dredging Committee;
No fish am I, but high and dry
Mid dredgers take my station,
A-cotching the fishes, all at the wishes
Of the British Association!
Then a dredging we will go, wise boys!
Then a dredging we will go!

THE DRAMA.

Adelphi.—We last week noticed the production of *Laffarge*; or, *Self-will in Woman*, and stated that those who expected a minute version of the late trial in Paris had been disappointed. Indeed *Laffarge*, under any other title, would not have been subjected to any nonsensical letters about the morality of producing a play upon criminal events still under the consideration of a court of law. The piece is one of a particular class—a class which has gained the appropriate title of “*Adelphi domestic drama*,” and is one of the best of the order, nearly, if not quite, equal to the *Wreck Ashore* and *Victorine*. Of the acting it is almost impossible to speak too highly. Mrs. Yates's impersonation of the infatuated *Marie Capelle* is one of the most beautiful and affecting of her numerous beautiful and affecting characters; she is, indeed, seen to advantage in parts like this, full of passionate bursts and truthful appeals, in both of which she is equally natural. The characters of *Laffarge* and *Marie's* lover are sustained with great ability by Messrs. H. Hall and Lyon; and a lighter underplot, quizzing *la jeune France*, in which Messrs. Yates and Paul Bedford play a couple of gamins, is a droll and capital relief to the more sombre current of the play. We cannot conclude without mentioning Mr. Wright, as a fair *limonadière*, in which he dances a burlesque of the Cracovienne, which is nightly greeted with shouts of laughter and an unanimous encore.

Olympic.—A rapid succession of light pieces are rewarding Mr. Butler's judicious management by filling the theatre. *Some Roman Ladies* made their appearance last night, and were very kindly received; these, with *A Last Day*, *English Etiquette*, &c. &c. afford a very agreeable evening's amusement.

Promenade Concerts.—These delightful entertainments now form a decided feature at our theatres, though they should more properly come under the head of music than drama; still we would rather see even our national theatres devoted to good music than have them turned into stables for wild-beasts and other animals. Drury Lane, with its fine band, is the most attractive resort; and the continual changes in the selection of the music and the solo performers, draw the same audiences night after night. During the present week fine pieces have been played by Koenig on the cornet-à-pistons, Dantonet on the trombone, and others; but the feature of the week has

been the production of Matthew Lock's splendid music to *Macbeth*, which was given in the most perfect style, and the great execution of the various artists gave it all the semblance of a dramatic performance. Mr. Eliason has fairly shewn, by bringing forward this masterly composition, that his promise to give the public some of our own English music was not a vain boast; and, performed as it was on Thursday evening, there is little in foreign composition that is to be compared with it. Novelties are continually added to the entertainments at the *English Opera* and the *Princess's*, both of which theatres have their fair share of patronage.

VARIETIES.

Sir Anthony Carlisle, Knt.—This eminent surgeon died at his residence at Langham Place, on Monday last, in his seventy-third year. His numerous publications on anatomy, physiology, and natural history, and the distinguished station he has so long occupied in his profession, entitle his memory to a more detailed record in our Journal than we are at present able to allot to it. In social intercourse, Sir Anthony was agreeable and instructive; with the manners of a gentleman, and the intelligence of a highly cultivated mind.

Royal Artillery Institution, Woolwich.—A new institution has just been formed among the officers of the regiment stationed at Woolwich, under the above title. A building has been completed on the Common, near the Repository, containing lecture-rooms, library, and an observatory, where meteorological and astronomical observations will be regularly taken. The management of it is intrusted to the care of Mr. Davies, of the Royal Military Academy.

Earthquake at Comrie.—One of these very frequent visitations was experienced on the 26th ult., being the third within a month. The Scotch newspapers, noticing the effects upon the philosophical instruments employed to mark its character and direction, state that they indicate the seat, or focus, of the disturbance to be two miles in depth, and under the Hill of Cluan.

Volcano.—A great eruption of the volcano called Gonteer, in Batavia, took place on the 22d of May, and several successive days. The result has been a vast enlargement of the crater, and to convert the mountain, previously covered half-way up with vegetation, into one mass of blackened and arid rocks.

New Comet.—On the evening of the 26th ultimo Dr. Bresscker, at Berlin, discovered a telescopic comet near the star 47 *Draconis*; and again on the following evening, but not long enough to enable him to ascertain its course.

Improvement in Calico-Printing.—A Mr. Chassus has invented, and Mr. Beard, of London, patented, an improvement of M. Perrot's (of Rouen) invention for printing two or three colours at once on calico; by which, it is stated, that eight colours may be so produced, and some saving of expense be attained.

Produce of Cotton in the U.S.—For the year ending 30th September, 1840, it appears from official returns that a great increase of the growth of cotton had taken place in America. The total crop for 1840 was 2,177,835 bales; being an addition of 817,303 bales upon the preceding year. Of these England had taken 1,246,971 bales; France, 447,465; and the north of Europe, 103,232; the remaining 78,515 being consumed by various other foreign ports.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

The Letters of James Vernon, Esq. addressed to the Duke of Shrewsbury. Illustrative of the Reign of William III. Edited by G. P. R. James, Esq. with Introductions and Notes.—Mr. Roby's Popular Traditions of England, and the First Series: Lancashire.—The Naval Surgeon. By the Author of “*Cavendish*.”—Sir T. Dick Lauder's Legendary Tales of the Highlands, a Sequel to his “*Highland Rambles*,” to be illustrated by Philiz.—The Conspirators; or, the Romance of Military Life. By Edward Quillman, Esq.—The Third Volume of Lady Blessington's *Idler in Italy*.—The Memoirs of Beethoven. Edited by Moschelles.—Mr. Serle's new Historical Romance, *Joan of Arc*.—A Monopolygraph. By S. Gower.—Tendrils Cherished; or, Home Sketches. By E. B.—Sermons on the Seven Churches of Asia, &c. By the late Rev. T. N. Carr.—The Fortress; an Historical Tale.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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Thursday .. 29	From 37 to 47	29.29 to 29.32	
Friday 30	... 32 ... 51	29.44 ... 29.50	
Saturday .. 31	... 36 ... 51	29.50 ... 29.53	
November.			
Sunday 1	... 33 ... 53	29.58 ... 29.56	
Monday ... 2	... 44 ... 54	29.44 ... 29.50	
Tuesday .. 3	... 44 ... 55	29.42 ... 29.50	
Wednesday 4	... 42 ... 53	29.21 ... 29.32	

Wind, south-east on the 29th ult., and three following days; the 2d inst., south in the morning, and south-east in the afternoon and evening; north-east on the 3d; south, and south-west, on the 4th.

On the 29th, cloudy, with frequent showers; the 30th, morning overcast, otherwise clear; the 31st ult., generally clear; the 1st inst., a general cloud, rain in the evening; the 2d, clear, except the morning, rain, with boisterous wind; the 3d, generally cloudy; the 4th, morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.

Rain fallen, .465 of an inch.

Number Meteors.—We have to remind our readers that the next periodical fall of these phenomena may be expected to take place from the 11th to the 15th of the present month.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The first numbers of several new and interesting periodical publications are reserved for notice in our next.

Our literary arrears, in every respect, shall be brought up with a wet sail; though if there had been much of importance in that way during the last two months we would have found room for it, as well as for the mass of various science which has occupied our columns.

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